



SONGS
FOR THE
HOUR

Mrs. Jeannette Lovell,

Compliments of the author,

David Morgan Jones.

May 31st 1905

Urekes Bann Pa.



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SONGS FOR THE HOUR.

BY
D. M. JONES.



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J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.
1896.



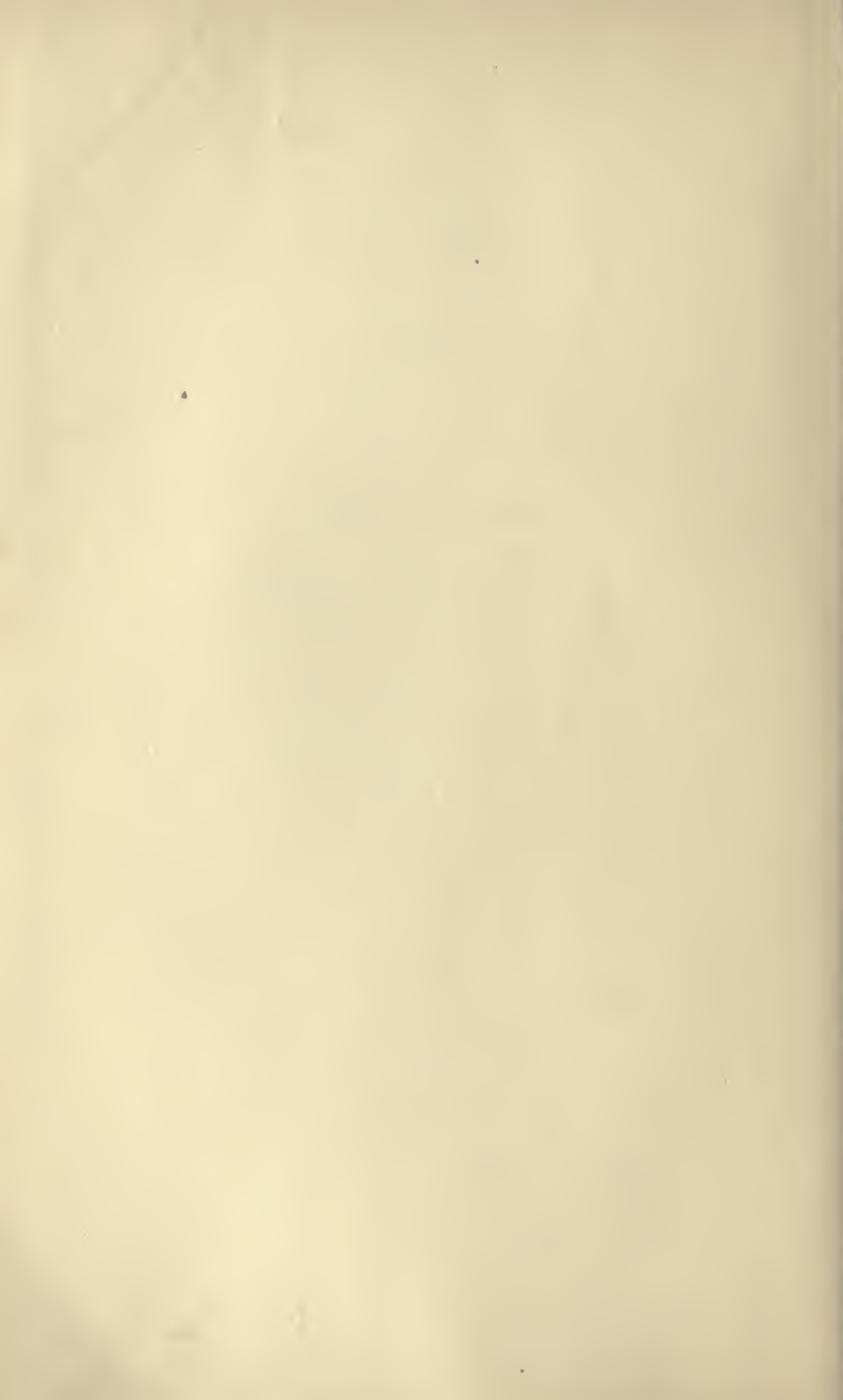
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TO
MY LITTLE DAUGHTER.

WEE, golden-haired dreamer who knocks at my door
With bright bits of fancy and Fairy-land news,
And now on your birthday, rejoicing at Four,
With a four-leaved clover, to gladden my Muse !
Sweet enchantments of home ! whose fairy and elf
Lend their luck to the singer, and live in his songs !
The Queen of my fays is your fond little self,
For now to the youngest the sceptre belongs.
Then come to my garden and smile on its flowers,
And find that beforehand I wove you a crown
To wear on your birthdays, and brighten their hours,
Reculling the roses they once rained down !



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
GWILYM GWENT	7
THE CELTIC ALLIANCE	13
JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY	21
THE FLAG OF THE STARRY EYES	26
THE HARP OF O'CAROLAN	32
THE LIGHT OF LIBERTY	36
ERIN'S SWEET DREAM	39
BETWEEN THE SOWING AND THE REAPING	47
LIGHT-HEARTED	49
THE LOVER'S IDEAL	51
ONE OF LONGFELLOW'S LETTERS	53
FAIR WYOMING	56
TO ERIN	63
OUR GOLDEN STAIRS	65
THE LIGHTS THAT MOCK US	69
COME IN MY DREAMS	70
THE CYCLONE	72
IRELAND AND HER MARTYRS	85
DESERTING THE FLAG OF THE STARRY EYES	90
SAINTED AT SEVEN	96
THE HUNDRED AND FORTY-THIRD	98
SHERIDAN	114
THE LAST OF THE THREE	118
WHEN DEATH HAD LOST THE DAY	120

	PAGE
THE ROSES OF RAPTURE AND REST	123
THE BEAUTIFUL DEAD	126
MY PRETTY BOY	130
HIS FIRST FIRE-CRACKER	131
WHAT AILS THE GAEL?	134
LAUGHTER AND TEARS	137
"REDDY," THE RIVER HERO	139
THE PENNY	143
SALT-WATER SONG	146
THE JUDGE AND THE REFEREE	149
THE DEMAND FOR MR. DEPEW	153
"LETHE, AND OTHER POEMS, 1882"	154
SOME OF WYOMING'S SINGERS	158
THE ROBIN'S LAUGH	162
A FINE DAY	165
THE HOLY CHILD	169
MEMORIAL ODE	173
THE VANISHED MAIDEN	182
GOD AND THE SEA	184
AT GARFIELD'S GRAVE	188
LOVE'S WOUNDS	190
BURIED LOVE'S EPITAPH	192
THE RICH AND THE SUFFERING	194
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW	196
THE VISION OF COLUMBUS	201

GWILYM GWENT.

THE COLLIER MUSICAL COMPOSER.

(Gwilym Gwent, the Welsh-American bard, was a household word to every Cymro living, owing to the great popularity of his inspiring musical compositions, which have swayed the Welsh world for the past thirty years. He died suddenly on July 4, 1891, and was buried at the Hollenback Cemetery, Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, where his friends and fellow-countrymen intend erecting a monument to his memory.)

A TOILER awakened by voices divine,
A melodist sweet, too swart of the mine,
And the chivalrous strife it inspires,
To forget in the glow of his song-breathing
soul
The joys and the griefs of a cutter of coal,
And his Motherland's emulous choirs!

Of blithe English rhythm he seldom lost sight;
But near the Welsh fountains of Bardic delight
His music was more at its ease

When it merrily fied for the soldiers of Toil,
Or unveiled the bright vistas of Beauty's own
soil,

When they echoed his star-lighted glees.

But wedded for aye to the rich Cymric tongue
Is his glee that the glories of Summer had sung,

While it mirrored the smile of the morn,
Ere Ocean inspired the impassioned farewell
Of his harp to its home, under Liberty's spell,
And the love-ties wherefrom it was torn,—

Its roof-tree that rivalled the cuckoo's retreat,
The *Eisteddfod*, in which he was wont to com-
pete,

Like the harpers and minstrels of old,
With his musical gems for the glittering prize,
Till they gleamed with the splendor of Cam-
bria's skies,

And the tale her grand symphonies told!

But his lyre, grown golden 'neath Liberty's
dome,

More readily made fair Columbia its home,

Since the song of the winds was the same

(Save jubilant chorus and conquering sweep)

Its Celtic strings caught from the voice of the
deep,

And the tongue that no tyrant could tame!

In the Arcady fairer than fancy had dreamed,

The meed of his music, the medals he deemed

More precious than silver and gold,

Till the truth stared out of his toil-trampled
ways

And song-waking wilds, that the mintage of
praise

Is worthless in hunger and cold.

When his heart was aweary of hammer and drill,

And melody rock-bound, with never a rill,

And fancy, with never a flower,—
When his longings divine were at war with his
lot,
In Nature's glad anthems his gloom was forgot,
Or poesy's soul-tuning power.

At work in the shadows disaster had spread,
In the death that is swift, and the sleep that is
dread

With the flame-swept mine in its thrall!
The music that comforts he caught from the
gloom

That had trembled so oft with the dirges of
doom

And Rescue's woe-fathoming call!

But grander the music he heard overhead!
And chalked by the light his mine-lamp shed,
In a trance on his uncut coal,
And traced on the mine door he tended at last,

When he seized, by the gates of a Hymn-
glorious Past,
The harp that still suited his soul!

Culture's charmed circle too shy to come near
A toiler as tuneful of soul and of ear,
As if idolized all his life long;
Too content with his sphere? yet true as a star
To the key-notes of Nature, though singing so
far
From the centre of light and of song!

But a light has gone out in the Nottingham
mine,
In Wyoming, a lamp that will nevermore shine
Through the ripples of laughter and tears
That mingle in melody's beautiful tide;
The toiler has vanished who dreamed by its
side,
Entranced with the Song of the Spheres!

And Music, his true love, leads the vast throng
Who follow his hearse with victorious song,

 In his mother-tongue tearfully sweet,
That gives, as his anthems reverently gave,
The glory to God, when it bursts o'er the
 grave

Where Beauty and Melody meet!

THE CELTIC ALLIANCE.

LONG live the Race Alliance grand in Free-
dom's battle formed,
When side by side the Celtic Three the heights
of Home Rule stormed;
When gallant Gael the glances kind of Scot
and Welshman cheered,
And the ancient race-love of the Celt in splen-
dor reappeared.

Promise of Hope's fair angel! From the mo-
ment of thy birth
A strange enchantment swept the seas and
glorified the earth.
And this unmatched Alliance means the Celt
the world around.
Then is it strange such rapture rose from that
far battle-ground?

After the battle, like the skies with all their
stars restored,

Free souls, a countless host, smiled on your
cause with one accord!

Men vied with men in Erin's aid, proud Celts
from sea to sea,

And Erin's foes began to ask why she should
not be free.

O deathless League, whose smiling cheer sore
chafed the victor's soul,

And made them seem the conquerors who
came so near the goal,

Your love and courage still remain, though
shadows gloom the day,

Not yet so dark from dauntless Celt can chase
the smile away.

Not yet so dark they may bedim that match-
less Saxon's smile,

The England of the masses moves to aid the
Emerald Isle,
The Grand Old Man of Celt-like soul this
league of love inspired
That sprang to being at a bound when Free-
dom's cause required.

While he the Gaelic column leads, whose quiet
word means more
Than all the sway and grandeur of the Irish
kings of yore;
His force intense, so self-contained, the face
unchanged as fate,
Discerns fair Freedom in the dark, her hand
on Erin's gate.

Right merrily, resistless League, your ranks
again ye form,
Stern inch by inch to hold the ground, or take
the field by storm,

While gallant Gael the gleefulness of Scot and
Cambrian cheers,
And the ancient race-love of the Celt more
splendid still appears.

The Thistle pricks Oppression's sides, the Leek
is lit with smiles,
To greet the Shamrock growing wild o'er all
the British Isles,
Where Celtic harps in chorus grand the tyrant's
dreams disturb;
And now 'tis Erin's Saxon friends he strives in
vain to curb.

While Cheshire's freedom-kindled flame with
Glasgow's glory blends,
Your Saxon allies' footsteps sound,—fair Erin's
English friends.
Their swelling numbers moved and swayed by
Truth's majestic might,—

The storm, a hand-breadth at the first, that
smites the brow of Night.

In vain the foe the Gael proclaims,—the tide he
cannot stay;

The outlawed Celt in your embrace grows
dearer every day;

But when the Saxon joins the Gael, and courts
the self-same ban,

Behold! A still more glorious league,—the
Brotherhood of Man!

What friends of freedom are not proud to lend
Old Ireland aid,

Who see what soul on Irish soil her children
have displayed!

The heart for home all things endures till heart
alone is left,—

The heart, still cleaving to the Right, of all its
rights bereft!

Resistless Erin, conquering first thy friends and
next thy foes,
No outlawry can reach the arm the world
around thee throws;
And never worthier seemed thy sons of free-
dom's sacred trust,
As with proud scorn they face the false accusers
of the just.

In the bright blaze of Celtic fire forth-flashing
for the Right,
The deathless Gaelic diamond emits a brighter
light,
While tremble in the softer rays of its unsullied
sheen
The fondest tears for Freedom shed the world
has ever seen.

With Erin's songs by thousands sung outside
the palace door,

And three crossed swords athwart his dreams,
the tyrant's heart is sore.

Now lo! his own, nay, England's sword, the
burnished sword of Right,

Discarded long, has joined the Three, and leads
them in the fight.

What though the foe in fury charge, more des-
perate than of yore,

Now let the battle-square be formed, for Erin's
friends are four.

The England of the masses wakes,—the fight
ye needs must win,

Defensive here, aggressive there, to hem the
tyrant in.

While Cheshire's sacred firebrand the flame
still farther sends,

The England of the masses comes! Fair Erin's
English friends.

The Grand Old Man still grander seems. Im-
prisoned Erin thrills,
While Home Rule, like the cannon's boom,
shakes old Britannia's hills.

September 2, 1887.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

FROM the hope forlorn that he led in his
youth,

There flowered in Liberty's light,
And the heavenly flash of the sword of truth
That he handled for God and Right,
The legions of Liberty's grandest crusade,
Where her standard was first unfurled!
And if Freedom must fall where her Charter
was made,
What hope for the rest of the world?

O heart, whose revenge for the wrongs of the
past

Was the love of his fellow-men;
The heights that he reached where his lot was
cast,
And the weapons he wielded then!

Columbia's fond looks for the Emerald Strand,
Whose love-knot his own love had tied;
Home Rule's larger army he came to command,
And her ships on the waters wide!

But this was the key to his kindly heart,—
The crown of his Celtic soul,—
That he prized not his land or his race apart
From humanity as a whole.
Yet his love for a land was truer than theirs
Whose affection is fixed on their own;
As the myriads of friends that he made un-
awares
Imagined he loved them alone!

His helping hand was an angel's wing,
A giver who gave from choice—
Oh! here was a heart an anthem to sing,
The spiritual strength and voice!

He pictured the crown in the workmen's tears,
When their teacher was taken away;
And he filled his place through the busy years,
And they wept on his burial-day.

When his bow for the brave Crispus Attucks
he drew,
With the love of humanity strung,
To the key-note that fell from the shafts as
they flew,
Was a song for the centuries sung!
And the song was a sword, for the Right
withheld,
Purpling Oppression's shield;
To his fairest true, like the knights of eld,
Wherever the foe or field!

With a vision broad as the years to be,
And as reverent of Liberty's shrine
As the Pilgrims who wandered from sea to sea
In search of the treasure divine;

From their garlanded glory he cast the dead
flower,

With fadeless ones filling its place;
And sounding the note of our national power,
Sang the hope of the human race!

Great of soul and of mind, and glorious of
mien

When he smiled in the leader's place;
In the shadows, sweet Pity's diviner sheen
Endearing his patient face.

Thrice-conquered grave! where the life-shadow
falls,

And love is the sheltering tree;
Harp, sword, and cross,—his coronals,—
And flowers from both sides the sea!

Flowers from a thousand valleys fair,
Borne thither on sorrow's tide;

And the shamrock from over the sea is there,

And the soldier is satisfied.

But his deeds still live, and will live more and
more,

Be fruitful and multiply;

For his like shall be seen on every shore;

For God will not let him die!

October 10, 1890.

THE FLAG OF THE STARRY EYES.

(Read before the Conyngham Post, G. A. R., in Music Hall,
Wilkesbarre, Decoration Day, 1890.)

THE Flag that smiles, like the morning star,
In Liberty's rosy gleam,
And nobly fulfilled, on the night of War,
Her defenders' fondest dream!
Her mingling rays but the ripples are
Of an in-rolling sea of light,—
Grander afloat in the blue afar
Than she was in the soldiers' sight!
To be deemed forever diviner yet,
In the peace of expanding skies,
In the pomp of a sun that shall never set,
And the sweep of her starry eyes!

She has comforted them who moaned in the
night,

Their rivers of blood beside ;
And her smiles were the stars that fought in
the fight

Which Freedom has glorified.
There is no sorrow she has not seen,
No night to her gaze unknown ;
And thus she has made, 'neath her smiling
mien,

The griefs of the world her own.
Outriding the storm on her radiant wings,
And the shafts of the warring skies,—
'Tis a fadeless rainbow that Liberty flings
'Neath the Flag of the Starry Eyes!

The colors we fly but the shadows are
Of a Flag that is never furled !
The reflected rays of the morning star
That is watched by a waiting world !

The beautiful herald, with glowing brow,
Of sunbeams that never despond,—
Of a sun that, climbing its zenith now,
Smites the darkness that lies beyond,—
The midnight dense or the misty deep,
Where the dew of the morning lies,
Or where men dream, in a troubled sleep,
Of the Flag of the Starry Eyes!

The ocean-path were a weary way,
And the sea a songless wild,
If the Flag of the Free, like the break of day,
On its billows had never smiled!
There is no triumph she has not won,
Worthy the brave to win;
No gate-way of glory under the sun
That she shall not enter in!
Foremost to follow the Light above,
The grandest banner that flies—

In the regions of conquest or realms of love—
Is the Flag of the Starry Eyes!

She has led the brave, who were hers and ours,
Through the rugged ways of War,
To the soldiers' realm of unfading flowers,
Where she is the morning star!
Where the rosy shadows her folds let fall
Outrival the gifts of May,
And the garlands we bring at the bugle-call
For the dead who are hers for aye!
When its river of tears has emerged from the
gloom,
And the last fond murmur dies,—
Lo! the river of fame, with its banks a-bloom,
And the love of her starry eyes.

She has won her way through the rayless pall
Of a valor that vied with ours;

With the kiss of forgiveness for one and all,
Where Glory had scattered flowers;
Where the living have pledged her the death-
less fame
Of the dead whom they still adore,
Henceforth to be freemen in more than name,
And to love her for evermore.
And which is the greater, their love who lost,
Or ours, where the victory lies?
'Tis enough both belong, whatever the cost,
To the Flag of the Starry Eyes!

Hers was the gaze of the soldier and seer,
And the Truth it was grand to defend;
The vow, and the vision divinely clear,
That the Union shall never end.
Reflecting the wisdom we all revere,
And the glory to come in the end,
Hers was the glance of the soldier and seer,
In the face of humanity's friend!

In the freedman's faith and the love of the
free

The proof of her greatness lies,—
Humanity's friend, on land and sea,
Is the Flag of the Starry Eyes!

THE HARP OF O'CAROLAN.

I.

THE WELCOME.

FORTH of a silence weird and olden,
But for her tears had been all golden,
Whose cup of sorrow overran;
Tuned to the heart-beats of her bosom,
Who, smiling, sees her hopes in blossom,
They bring the Harp of O'Carolan
And they sing us the songs of O'Carolan!

Taken from Sorrow's weeping willows,
To catch the spray of briny billows,
Those tears of joy space scarce can span;
Wakened by sea-winds westward blowing,
Till all thy golden chords are glowing
With the heart and soul of O'Carolan,—
Thrice welcome, Harp of O'Carolan!

Kissed by the sunburst round thee clinging,
Proud of the shamrock, with it bringing

Hope for the universal man,
Come, Harp of Innisfail, the fearless,
And fill the eyelids of the tearless
With the righteous wrath of O'Carolan,—
With the joyous tears of O'Carolan!

In the New World's harbor kindly greeted,
Where Music's soul is never cheated
Of one sweet charm by blight or ban;
Thrilled with the strange and strong emotion
That sways the soul this side the ocean,
Thrice welcome, Harp of O'Carolan,—
The songs and the soul of O'Carolan!

II.

THE FAREWELL.

Farewell, brave Harp, to her returning
For whom unnumbered hearts are yearning,
Whose cup of joy too soon o'erran;

Oh! if there be the least despairing
Or drooping in her glance or bearing,
Comfort her, Harp of O'Carolan,—
Kindle her courage, O'Carolan!

Lift up thy voice so lark-like loud,
So clear, despite the passing cloud,
A friendly sky she still may scan;
And, looking up, cease not to see
The golden sun of Liberty,
That kindled the soul of O'Carolan,—
The songs and the Harp of O'Carolan!

Harp of the brave, on Freedom's height
We heard, with hers attuned aright!
Refuse the fires of hate to fan;
But be a fountain, cool and sweet,
Amid the conflict's torrid heat,
For thou art the Harp of O'Carolan,
And the song is the song of O'Carolan!

Lest her songs be sung by slavish rote,
The passion native to thy note

Lose not, echoed from clan to clan!
Be strains like thine the heavenly vent
And healing of her discontent;

While calm-voiced Patience steadies the van
Of her conquering cohorts, O'Carolan!

July 23, 1885.

THE LIGHT OF LIBERTY.

ALL lights which were good in the eyes of the
Lord,

All lights that are sweet to the children of
Eve,

Converge in her candle, whence issues a sword
That flames without favor, and smites without
leave!

And whether the wound be a smile or a tear,
The truth disenthralled, or a lie laid bare,
We welcome her woundings, and hold doubly
dear

The Hand that is fearless, the Face that is
fair!

Her sword is the sunshine ineffably bright,
That kissed, as akin, the keen swords of our
sires,

When the cry in their clanging was, "Let
there be Light!"

And the flash of their blades coaxed her
flickering fires.

'Tis the sword she presented her peerless de-
fenders

Who had come to befriend her from over the
sea—

How her lamp has been burnished! And ah!
with what splendors

Its flame has been fed by the love of the free!

Freedom, whose lamp is half love and half light,
Yet not the least wanting in either of these,
So thy beauty blaze full on the world's ravished
sight,

Turn the light that is love t'ward the sorrow-
ing seas!

More hopeful their grief, and the storm's thrill-
ing story,

Than the silence that mocks, and the mirage
that creeps.

Smite, rays that are sword-like, reflecting her
glory,

The dim lands beyond, where the love of her
sleeps!

All lights which are good in the eyes of the Lord,
All lights that are kind to the children of Eve,
Converge in her candle, whence issues the
sword

Which smites without anger, and flames with-
out leave!

And whether the world she enlightens is
wounded,

Or the Darkness of Eld that would hold her
in thrall,

The joy of the one, as she heals, is unbounded,
And the shame of the other foreshadows his
fall.

ERIN'S SWEET DREAM.

FREE skies shall yet cover her,—never despair!

Lo! the tear-bursts that fall on both sides
the sea!

Free highways, free byways, for Erin, the Fair!

Fear not for your fairy-land, Erin, the Free!

O Erin, the fair, whose fond heart were forlorn

If bereft the sweet dream of Erin, the Free!

Sad mother! of thee are the merriest born,

And the eyes all agleam with thy glory to
be!

All aglow with that dream with its rest and
unrest,

As real as the wrongs of the Emerald Isle.

Fair dreamer! sad mother! thy dream has
been blest,—

The tear owns its magic as well as the smile.

'Tis more than a dream, as the morning is
more,

When her weeping is all she may share with
the night.

'Tis a waking to find the one friend at the
door,

Whose presence, in slumber, had gladdened
the sight.

Bright dream ! on whose face fell the last
blushing ray

Of the sunset of freedom on Erin's fair shore,
Like the lone evening star in the footprints of
day,

It gleaned of the sunlight entrancing of yore,
'Mid the mists and the purple that mantled her
skies,

Through the cloud-racks, that rose with the
turbulent years,

Down that splendid expanse where her chief
glory lies,

Till it sounded the depths of the river of
tears ;

Where its silvery shadow was studied betimes

By the king and his nobles, its beauty that
praised,

But were wroth when they fancied 'twas Lib-
erty's chimes

Pealed over the tides as they brightened and
blazed !

But ah ! 'neath the frown and the frenzy of
wrong,

And the tempests of terror that tyranny
brewed,

It passed into proverb, and burst into song,

That the proud soul of Erin could not be
subdued !

When hope feebly throbbed in the gathering
gloom,

The longing that kindled that vision so fair
Kept the hearth-stone ablaze and the hill-side in
bloom,

That a glimpse of her Free Land might still
glitter there :—

Wrote her legends of blood and heart-rending
doom

O'er the dust of the martyr, in memory
deep,

That the Sunburst of Erin may find out his
tomb,

The firebrands of freedom illumine his sleep !

Oh, deathless desire ! unquenchable dream !

Love of liberty, shining in Liberty's stead !

The star of the eve in the morning shall gleam,

When the pomp of oppression has faded and
fled,

When the hopes that deceive her, the lights
that misled,

No more may distract when they cease to
beguile ;

When all her waste places and hearts that have
bled

Shall be robed in bright raiment and win
back the smile !

When winter, whose hardships were lightened
by wit,

And that glorious old king-scathing tongue
in the blast—

His snow-realms too oft by the death-candle
lit—

Shall voice the enchantments of freedom at
last !

Pale flame ! burning heart,—outlasting the night,—

That will brook no requital save morning's
alone !

Shine on, sanguine fires, the lands that ye light
Are all the fair dreamer may yet call her
own ;

Fade not till the day come ! ye've conquered
the might

Of soul-stifling storms none but Erin have
known ;

Outlasting the havoc of bailiff and blight,
The hunger and heartache, the madness and
moan ;

Surviving the grief, like a rose newly blown,
As if lit in a garden of endless delight,
To melt in the smile, when the shadows have
flown,

Of that ruddy Aurora, the Eros of Right !

Deathless dream ! flashing scorn of the scaffold
and cell,

And sacred with sufferings for liberty's
sake !—

'Twas Erin's fond glance on the exile that
fell

When that star shed its balm on the heart
that would break

But for Erin! who saw not the tears of her
son,

And, if seeing, had bidden him put them
away,

That her fight 'gainst oppression might sooner
be won,

As the death of her heroes had hastened the
day;

That her battle for home rule, for honor and
home,

May coax freedom's kiss to that gem of the
sea!

And her sons need no more brave billow and
foam,

In search of that fairy-land, Erin, the
Free!

Brave hearts to defend her, that never despair,
Free lands to befriend her on both sides the
sea,—

The dream is from God! His smile it doth
wear,

Forecasting the twilight of Erin, the Free!

December, 1884.

BETWEEN THE SOWING AND
THE REAPING.

THE sower's song is gay and blithe,—

The blade appears; but while he's sleeping
Success or Ruin whets his scythe,
Between the sowing and the reaping.

He finds them wrestling in the corn;

Sometimes they stand together, weeping,—
The changeful Night, the fickle Morn,—
Between the sowing and the reaping.

'Tis true we reap as we have sown,—

That is, in kind; but in God's keeping
The blessing is, and His alone,
Between the sowing and the reaping.

Yet some who cry "Our God is good,"
Their harvest wains with plenty heaping,
Did all against Him that they could
Between the sowing and the reaping.

And some who curse the God above,
Amid their barren cornfields weeping,
Declared with fervor "God is love,"
Between the sowing and the reaping.

But Faith, from Famine's withered breast
To life miraculous upleaping,
Counts that abundance God has blest
Both in the sowing and the reaping.

October 7, 1886.

LIGHT-HEARTED.

THE whippoorwill's call sounds blithesome to
me

As the bobolink's key-note of gladness;
My honeysuckles breathe, as they harbor the
bee,

Not the least hint of heartache or sadness.

My roses are ruddy and ready to look

Death full in the face without sighing;
Not a flower in my garden that darkens its
nook

With dreams of the hardship of dying!

The daisies I love do not lavish their gold

On the mounds where the dreamless are
sleeping;

My violets hide not their leaves in the mould
Where the long grasses weep with the weep-
ing.

My lilies make ready by night to attend
The Earth's golden wedding with Morning,
And a myriad fair things quaint offerings send
For my Lord and my Lady's adorning.

It has cost me no tears to return you the kiss
That comes with good-night and good-mor-
row.

Light-hearted! Yes, dear, but is not your bliss
Color-blind to the signals of sorrow?

THE LOVER'S IDEAL.

THE fairest flower that lifts her head
To drink the dews that fall so free
Sinks gently down upon her bed,
At night, my Love, to dream of thee.

The stars come out to give thee light
And throw their radiance round thy form,
As though no other maiden bright
E'er lived whose lips with love were warm.

The angels hover o'er thy path
With tenderness and love untold,
And, with the heart an angel hath,
Their arms about thy spirit fold.

They gaze upon thy beauty till
They think of Eve before she fell,

When through their bosoms swept a thrill
Of love and joy ineffable!

While flowers below and stars above,
And angels sweet your presence deem;
May you fulfil, in life and love,
My steadfast heart's more heavenly dream!

ONE OF LONGFELLOW'S LET-
TERS.

"I WOULD praise them more, had you praised
me less"

Is a flower from his Muse, enfolding for aye
Its coveted secret in rosy duress,

In a letter whose kindness is clear as day,
Revealing the grace and fragrance divine
Of a heart-flower of his for a handful of mine.

More precious to me was the praise implied,
And the thorn thereof, than the praise ex-
pressed;

For my heart, I trow, was more fit to be tried
Than its tribute was by his friendly test,—
Discerning the dew on flower and thorn,
And the blush of the splendor whereof they
were born!

In the smile, I fancied, his letter reflected

And flashed in the face of my love-smitten
Muse,

A faint gleam of humor my fond glance detected,

Yet not the least glimpse of it willing to
lose!

But it symbolled the span—'twas the poet's last
year—

From friendship's first smile to its farewell tear!

Even thus are the poets repaid by the Muse

With one living line or one deathless lay

(And richer the meed she is loath to refuse

Than that she bestows in a warm-hearted
way),

From the happy Bohemian upholding her
throne

To the prince who is king in a realm of his
own.

Her favoring glance but a transient gleam

For the many, a deathless smile for the few,—
Or a bosom friend, or a beautiful dream,—

She rejects no lover because he is new ;
But replies, when his rhapsodies run to excess,
“I would praise them more, had you praised
me less.”

May, 1892.

FAIR WYOMING.

SING not, my Muse, as if in love wert crossed,
Of beauty's wane and beauty's battle lost.

Christened with joyful tears in verse divine
That flowed, a poet named her "Fair Wyo-
ming;"

Whose lovely bowers were beauty's very shrine,
Which he at once, with rapturous outbursts fine
And farewells fond, still echoed in the gloaming,
Enshrined in song, and glorified Wyoming!

When from her Indian first love she was won,
Her brave white lover whispered, "Fair Wyo-
ming!"

In the fond way he wooed her was it done;
In flowering field at rise and set of sun,

In forest din all day, and flowerless loaming,
While many a flintlock flashed for fair Wyoming.

Not without sorrow did he win his bride,
Herself a child of sorrows, fair Wyoming;
Not without glory, when their tears were dried
In Freedom's after-smile and patriot-pride,
Whence falls a tender light, for meet illuming
Of her remembered beauty, fair Wyoming.

She lifts her woodlands like a crown, but dotes
Upon her dappled dingles, fair Wyoming!
From Campbell's Ledge the vale-queen's banner floats,
Hymned by the birds in blithe and plaintive notes,
Glad for the bonny realms banned not from blooming,
And sad for beauty blighted in Wyoming.

Chief of her splendors,—hint of golden hair,—
Falling from head to foot of fair Wyoming,
The blushing sunset's favorite river there,
A drifted dream of all that's bright and fair!
Ah! back to Gertrude's day is Fancy roaming?
Or dreaming? Fleeting glimpses, fair Wyoming!

She is not here nor there, the valley sprite,
Her foot-falls, free, elude us, fair Wyoming!
On hills which hide their hoarded wealth from
sight

She sets her royal signet, daisy white,
Forget-me-not, and dandelion looming,
Queen of the wild-flower land of loved Wyoming.
ming.

The resurrected shine of suns long dead,
Clad in dark cloud and rainbow glow in glooming,
Casts a weird grandeur where their shadows
spread!

For flaming flower the flowering flame instead,
That brightest blooms for Labor's sake consum-
ing;

And oh! what sunbursts slumber in Wyoming!

Lo! in the dusk their shattered diamonds make,
And green-eclipsing cloud, for fair Wyoming
Plead many a pretty knoll and blooming
brake

And little dewy dell, for beauty's sake!

While wooded hills, where glimmers endless
gloaming,

Uplift their bannered green for fair Wyoming!

To hidden fields, 'midst lightnings harvested,
And caverned night's awakened thunders boom-
ing,

The torch-plumed reapers brave are charioted
Adown the dark, while Doom's own shadow,
Dread,

Flees from before their gay and fearless coming,
ing,

Who left their loves in care of fair Wyoming.

Night's roaring towers, day's phantoms dark that
frown,

But share industrial grandeur's wonted gloom-
ing,—

Wizards, that rain the rock-reaped jewels down,
And breaking them in sight of all the town,

Pluck from the fossilled leaves of Time's en-
tombing

The golden flower of Fortune for Wyoming!

The city's splendors many a sylvan spot

Enfold, kept fresh and green for fair Wyo-
ming;

The vale-queen's spell remains on grove and
grot,

Though half their haunting legends are forgot;

While, by the river's bend, stands Summer, sum-
ming
Thy varied, verdurous charms, flower-sweet
Wyoming!

Over against the city's riotous shore
Majestic trees, nurslings of wild Wyoming,
Arise,—elm, maple, oak, and sycamore,—
Their domèd green delightful as of yore;
Harping the hymns sublime, or softly hum-
ming
The lullabies they learned of wild Wyoming.

And what grand tales yon beauteous river
tells,
A rhythmic flow, of far-away Wyoming!
And on the rustic legend how it dwells!
With winding panorama which impels
The wondering towns it turns to, in its roaming,
To weave still grander fables for Wyoming.

From the far glory of her girdling hills
To Flora's inmost fane, on fair Wyoming
Lingers a grace of outline fine, which fills
Brimful the sense of beauty! When morn spills
Its crystal rills, or sunset gold is foaming,
Once more the fays have found their fair Wyo-
ming.

The Old romance, outdone, still finds her fair;
Half its romance the New owes fair Wyoming;
Her name forever! web and woof as rare
As erst enriched the legend-weaver's care!
First and last words of Wonder in the gloam-
ing;
Her miniature immortal, fair Wyoming!

1888.

TO ERIN.

THIS sudden dark is but transition. Beautiful
as Venus

Beheld through Sorrow's sable glass, Hope
hastes to Freedom's side,
Who cries to Erin through the cloud, "Bright
shines the star between us;
By very Hope am I eclipsed, the bridegroom
by his bride!"

There is a light which breeds despair, whose
blandest ray is blighting,

The daylight of the desert born, that murders
with its smile;

With golden quicksands pitiless the patient heart
requiting,

And here and there an oasis that blossoms to
beguile.

There is a shadow, cast of Hope, which hides
a living glory,

When, like Queen Esther, for her race she
dares the disk of day;

'Tis Love come closer to her Lord to tell her
people's story,—

Let Haman rear his scaffold high and Hatred
have its way.

O Erin's Star, intensely bright, yet ever pure
and tender,

Familiar grown with Sorrow's face, as Sorrow
hath with thine,

On Freedom's clouded brow falls full thy
smile's unquenchèd splendor,

Day hearkens to thee and adores! the dark-
ness is divine!

April 29, 1887.

OUR GOLDEN STAIRS.

OUR babe had heard that pretty story,
With wonder in his eyes,
About the stairway, grand and golden,
High up the happy skies.

Four summers, for our boy, with flowers
Those golden stairs arrayed;
And four times all the stars of summer
Their steps with gold inlaid.

So often beauteous thoughts are uttered
By childhood unawares,
We half suspect our darlings traverse
In dreams those golden stairs.

One morn when ours was just awaking
Out of a gentle sleep,

A smile transfigured all his features,
That held a meaning deep.

I said, my heart with bliss o'erflowing,
That gloried in such cares,
"Come down with me," when quick he queried,
"What! down the golden stairs?"

I pressed him to my heart so fondly,
My heart sang out for joy;
And catching up the simple chorus,
I sang it to my boy.

Methinks the stairs are golden,
Because my boy in white
Comes down them every morning
And up them every night.

Oh! did he fancy, on the summit
Of rounded, rosy rest,

That dream-land out of which he wakened
The Heaven of the Blest?

Or, waking, thought his splendid journey
Was hardly finished yet;
And I, adown the steps remaining,
Should carry him, my pet?

As well when childhood's happy visions,
As those of older hearts,
Have floated off and left the real,
The rapture soon departs.

When down its steps we both descended,
And at the bottom stood,
Surprised, my child surveyed our stairway,
And cried, "It's only wood!"

But soon, with childish, sweet persistence,
When half a mind to scold,

He caught the sunlight on the varnish,
And smiling said, "It's gold!"

Perhaps too young to deem it golden,
For that his Heavenly Friend
And Father smiles upon his pathway,
With Heaven at either end?

Again I clasped him, oh! so fondly,
My heart sang out for joy;
When catching up the happy chorus,
I sang it for my boy.

For this our stairs are golden,
Our little angels bright
Come down them every morning,
Go up them every night.

March 5, 1883.

THE LIGHTS THAT MOCK US.

THERE is no mockery in the smile of Morn,
None in the dazzling Noonday's glance divine;
The earnest Stars look down, with brows
benign,

To bless the gentle dreams of Twilight born.
And e'en the merry Moon, a tinge of scorn
That just escapes for mortal fancies fine,
With all the mischief shadowed in her shine,
Smiles like a rose regretful of its thorn.

The lights of earth, which have a kindly glow
And sweep of vision heavenly in its ken,
Smile, in their seasons, on the sons of men,
Who meet the unfriendly shaft with bended bow.
The gleams we follow vanish like the elves;
The lights that mock us glimmer in our-
selves.

COME IN MY DREAMS.

A SONG.

COME in my dreams and smile again,
Come with the loving look of old ;
This broken heart is happy then,
And flutters free from sorrow's hold !
Come in my dreams and kiss again,
The dear old fondness to renew—
I wake to find you false, but when
I dream, oh ! then so fond and true !

Come in my dreams, when slumber brings
Forgetfulness of all my woe ;
Come in sweet dreams, when fond Love wings
The swallow flights of long ago,
And, from its home within the heart,
Still cleaves the clouds that lie beyond ;
And you shall nevermore depart,
And I will nevermore despond !

Come in my waking hours no more,
Unless it be with tearful eyes;
For close to sorrow's troubled shore
Love, in a hopeless circle, flies,
And knows it ne'er can build again
The broken nest from whence it flew—
I wake to find you false, but when
I dream, oh! then so fond and true!

THE CYCLONE.

WHAT had Wyoming's hill-girt city
To fear from her Cloudland fair?
Oft had our hearts been stirred with pity,
But never yet with prayer,
With muttered curse and imprecation,
From pallid lips outpoured,
When the fierce Wind-Fiends of Desolation
Were unfettered by the Lord!
The Doom-Cloud's shadow was wont to en-
shroud
The homes of the West alone;
And what had our Valley, in shine or cloud,
To fear from the far Cyclone?

Far different the picture on Nature's ken
When the leonine storms from their lair up-
rose!

When, for man and beast, in meadow and glen,
And here, where the fair Susquehanna flows,
The strange unrest of a sultry day
To an unknown terror turned !
And the cinder-like sun in the glooming gray
Like a beacon of danger burned !

Never so dread was the black dome above us,
The clouds never wore so fierce a frown ;
And even the Rain, that was still fain to love us,
Like the tears of the prophet, wept over the
town !

A crash through the clouds ! 'Tis only the
thunder—

Ah ! the tremors that follow its more dis-
tant peals !

While, before and behind, and over and
under,

Broods the horror that Nature already feels !

'Tis an outburst of rage from the fretting Atlantic!

Nay, a home-brewed storm,—a hurricane waif!

Tall trees are toppled, the horses are frantic,
Not a spot in the city that seems to be safe!

Not a doubter is left to make light of the danger;

The oldest inhabitant daft as the stranger—
Behind houses, in hiding, crouch fear-stricken men,

Who fled from their shelter, and seek it again!
Hither and thither the bravest are speeding,
The fate of their friends and their neighbors unheeding!

No, no, 'tis for Love's sake the fugitives strive,—

The loved they may never again meet alive!

Sense of dread is not all in the hearing and
seeing;

The forebodings of woman are quickest to
form—

Frightened wives, with their babes, to the cellar
are fleeing,

And some for their babes are braving the
storm!

In the grasp of suspense, by great perils di-
vided,

The dear ones of home were never so dear;
But some, unaware of what has betided,

The sweet lullaby sing, "There is nothing to
fear!"

The Lightning's red finger the fire-bell tolls!
The smoke of the flame-fronted Tempest uprolls
From river to roadway, from roadway to
street,—

Its flight up the valley less fatal than fleet,

And the trophies it tore from a neighboring
vale

But as straws to the conquests in store for the
gale.

Lo! deeper the gloom where opposing storms
meet,

Both caught in the grip of a greater than they,
Defiant at first and now swift to obey,
But changing its course, while they hang on
the verge,

And widen the sweep of its terrible scourge!
With the menace of death for a myriad of
souls,

The smoke of the flame-fronted Tempest up-
rolls

From the south of the city, eastwardly blown,—
“Fire!” the first outcry, and now “The Cy-
clone!”

A moment ago men stood in its path
Who now scan its revels unscathed of its wrath!

"Thank God, we are saved!" the cry as it
veers.

It has swung to the right, and when it up-
rears,

Lo! the funnel-shaped cloud that every one
fears!

"A Cyclone!" "A Cyclone!" tells the tale
in a word:

Its shuddering sounds for miles may be
heard;

Its fierce hissing noises, its rumble and roar,
Are a hundredfold louder and terrify more

Than the rush of a runaway train in the
night,

In charge of a mad engineer,
Whose maniac shrieks and yells of delight
Were dreadful to hear,

As the engine, in agony, swept into sight;
Fear too affrighted to fear!

And the crash that befell, when it came in
collision

With another that dreamt not of danger
ahead,

Was as naught to the wreck that is wrought,
in derision,

By the awful Cyclone, with its dying and
dead!

Rolling on in the dark of its own dread
creation,

Black billows of smoke and half-smothered
flame,

Like a monster, with headlights, that stops
at no station,

It comes to destroy, and will go as it came!

Like the voice of the tempest, now low and
now high,

Increasing in volume and terror of tone,

It rises and falls as it rolls through the sky,
With forces unlooked for in league with
its own !

And striking the ground, in its dance of destruction,
Spreads ruin more wide than its zigzag-

ing path !

Drawing up to the maw of its maelstrom-
like suction

All the odds and the ends of its house-
wrecking wrath !

The roof of a cottage that somebody cherished,
The tree that had sheltered his shattered
abode ;

Dread reminders of home and its inmates
that perished,

To heighten our fears and our horror to
goad !

A cradle let fall where babe never crept,
The shreds of a carpet that Beauty had trod ;

But, blind to its ridicule, man's humor
slept;
More fearful the scene because it was
odd!

Steeds in full flight,—types of Fury Titanic,—
The forecasts of Terror outdistanced by
Death,
Or hurled, as they coursed o'er the pitfalls
of panic,
Into caverns that Ruin had built in a
breath!

Prayer in a street-coach the storm-bombs
were shelling;
In a very simoom of thick-flying débris!
Wild shrieks of anguish in many a dwell-
ing,—
The warning too late from destruction to
flee!

Dwellings, whose beauty had gladdened the
vision,

In the tatters of ruin the strange tale to tell!
Solid structures it smote with appalling pre-
cision;

Either razed to the ground or crushed like
a shell!

Mighty towers snapped off like the masts of a
vessel

By this worse than a sea-storm, a-stalk o'er
the land;

And lo! where their Giants had gathered to
wrestle,

What shipwrecks were strewn on Calamity's
strand!

Countless hearts with which it had cruelly toyed,
Unstrung in the midst of the sorrow it
spread!
f

Hundreds of homes in a twinkling destroyed,
And more than a score of the mangled and
dead!

The dirge has been sung, and the solemn bell
tolled,
Long ago for our loved, the young and the
old,

A score that were slain

By the dread Cyclone!

Let not its dirges be heard again,

For love's sake alone!

The tremble of bell, and of tear,

O'er the dust of our mangled dead,

Is forgot,—and forgotten, I fear,

When the shadows of terror had
fled,

The sincere and solemn thanksgiving

That was offered to God by the living.

Let us be grateful for evermore
That the graves we counted were only a
score !

'Tis the mad strength of Death and Destruction.
In a black, rushing cloud-rack confined,
That wrought into frenzy will brook no ob-
struction

From anything earthly, its kindred or kind ;
From man, or his works, though he build
them of granite,

With the broadest foundations, the tallest of
towers ;

Like the Earthquake and Flood, the scourge
of our planet,

Lest men should grow vain in the pride of
their powers.

Not the thing of an hour ! but casting aside
Its ebony chariot, whose courier is Fear,

From the region of air where mortals abide

It ascends, it is said, to a loftier sphere;
Coursing the globe at a speed would erase
Every vestige of life and of love from its face!
But the circuits of Terror it sweeps not alone:
Its number is thousands, its name, The Cy-
clone!

To planes far above us in mercy uplifted,

Narrow its path and eccentric its flight;
And mortals give thanks when its movements
are shifted

From the hamlets and cities it fills with
affright!

IRELAND AND HER MARTYRS.

I.

VOICES of eloquence and poesy

And song, poured on the breeze by deathless
lips,

That lead the universal symphony

Of freedom; you would suffer no eclipse

If, pausing now in mid-flight of your theme,

You caught the plaintive note of yon sad
Land,

In whose torn breast freedom is but a dream,

And baffled hope an inward burning brand!

Forgetful of the feuds of race or clan,

Undaunted by the clash of differing creeds,
Remembering alone man's debt to man,

And all the world is kin in direst needs,
Should follow then so grand a Marseillaise,
Tyranny would turn and flee the enchanted
place!

II.

The birthday of a patriot martyr slain
For love of liberty, where men are free,
Is fitting time for joy and jubilee;
But such a day is pierced with thrilling pain,
E'en though the glory of his death remain,
If for his land it brought not liberty,
Or some sure sign its dawning soon would be
Hope's heralding he had not died in vain!
The death-days of thy heroes, Land of ours,
When all the sudden overflow of tears
Hath ebbed away, grow fragrant with sweet
flowers;
And for the "sobbing bells" the nation hears
The shrilly clarions of a glowing morn
The day repeat when Liberty was born.

III.

But thou, sad Isle!—forever fresh and green
In the fond memory of thy children here,

Though thy sweet grasses withered were and
sere,—

How many mournful deaths thy soil hath seen!
With naught but growing sorrows spread between;

And following hard upon the martyr's bier
The footsteps of fell woe, and want, and fear;—
O Sorrow's Isle! how hard thy lot hath been!
And for thy suffering heroes what harsh doom,
That did not grant thee what they died to
gain!

In all this wide, wide world a little room,
A little space for them who would remain
To live and die like freemen—simple boon—
Beneath their own bright skies and harvest
moon!

IV.

Yet something in brave Emmet's breast was
fain

To picture Ireland free! the hero heard

Afar his rescued country's happy strain,
And read her unwrit history word by word.
He felt that his young life was a sweet leaven
Ireland's after-times should so pervade,
She still would find the favoring smile of
Heaven,
Though in the dust his loving heart was laid;
And from the night that wrapped his dust in
gloom
A clear, unclouded dawn would some time rise,
And his dear, dead country come forth of the tomb
Of Tyranny, with the day-spring in her eyes;
While friendly lands should scatter at her feet
Freedom's fair flowers, that smell so fresh and
sweet!

V.

O Isle of many griefs! henceforth take heart,
The still, small voice in England's yielding
breast,
Till you are free, will never give her rest—

England herself at last will say, "Depart
In peace." For ah! not always by the art
Of statesmanship or arms may Empire wrest
A people's God-given rights away; the test
Is truth divine, from brute force far apart!
Erin, take heart! the day is not far off;
For friend and foe alike do force the time;
God never heeds man's favor or his frown.
Though pride of power resist, and hatred scoff,
The omens of the century are sublime—
The love of right grows stronger than the
Crown.

1880.

DESERTING THE FLAG OF THE STARRY EYES.

IN the glorified cavalry garb of the Union

A shadow, like mine, but in mien too brave
With a soldier that faltered to hold communion,
Comes hinting to me of a flower-strewn grave,
Of his ghostly rides in the ranks of glory,
And my part in the patriot's paradise!
'Tis a dream of his; the deserter's story
Is known to the Flag of the Starry Eyes!

More in fear of the flag than the ban I was
under,

When I fled in the charge that was lance to
lance;

I heard her voice in the cannon's thunder,
And my heart seemed to shrivel beneath her
glance

Where the battle raged; but alas! I dallied
With the moment when manhood lives or
dies;

And when my courage had fairly rallied,
I fled from the scorn of her beautiful eyes!

At every turn she uprose before me,
On the battle-cloud with its lightning flame;
And the spell of her grandeur in action came
o'er me,

With Freedom beside her, and deathless
Fame!

But still I fled, for the step had been taken;
Then a shout of victory shook the skies,
And lo! it was I who had been forsaken,
Not the charioted queen of the starry eyes!

My battle-scars for naught had counted,
Were they shown to her in her fierce dis-
dain;

With the sabre-stroke, on my charger mounted,
I might seek for her dear old smile in vain!
So I spurred my horse, in my mad despairing,
Tow'rd the shallows of shame, to his great
surprise;
And I felt that a hero my shame was sharing,—
With his head thrown back tow'rd her
beckoning eyes!

But he wheeled about, with the wildest neigh-
ing,
His love for her trumpeting far and wide,
With the sweep of a whirlwind her gesture
obeying,
As he plunged into victory's swelling tide.
She patted his neck as in approbation,—
My Nemesis now in a charger's guise,—
While the touch of her filled me with conster-
nation,
And a cowering dread of her flashing eyes!

Thenceforward he ran bereft of a rider,
With my blood as a balm for his wounded pride;
And the gulf between us grew darker and wider,
Till it moaned like the sea when its storms
subside.

But the scorn of the Flag there was no escaping :
Wherever I went she was sure to rise,
Unfurled to the sight or of fancy's own shaping,
With the torments of hell in her soul-haunt-
ing eyes !

I wandered away in a trance of terror,
Away from the Flag, and the faces of men !
And my farther flight was a fatal error,
For the refuge sought I have failed to gain.
But oh ! if I knew in my isolation
That they mourn me for dead and my memory
prize,
I would crave of death's angel emancipation
From the maddening thrall of her myriad eyes !

I have grayed since then less with years than
sorrow,

On this shore more lonely than ocean-isle;
But perchance I shall sight a sail to-morrow,
And catch from afar her forgiving smile!

The winds and the waves will attest my con-
trition,

She has smiled in my dreams and heard all
my sighs,

And never had soldier a heavenlier vision

Who has walked with Despair, 'neath her still,
starry eyes!

I plead not the laurels I wore when I faltered,
Nor the fever-racked frame to the battle I
brought,

But the love which the hardship of fate has not
altered,

And a heart that beats true in a bosom dis-
traught.

Oh! the touch of her folds! how it thrilled
through and through me

When she smiled in my dreams and gave ear
to my sighs!

But waking, I fear that her glance would undo me,
Bending over me so with her beautiful eyes!

Lo! a friendly sail! the banner flying
That embraces the world in her peaceful
dream!

While prone on the strand is a soldier dying
Of a broken heart and her starry gleam!

Let his name be dropped from the roll-call of
glory

And classed with deserters, but do not despise;
For the love of the Flag is an unfinished
story

Without the forgiveness that falls from her
eyes!

SAINTED AT SEVEN.

SWEET sunshine plays around my dwelling,
And pleasures hive their precious store;
O tearless heart! there is no telling
What sorrows wait without thy door.

Mother, press closer to your bosom
The child you lately feared to lose;
For every household has its blossom,
And Death stands doubting which to choose.

Thick gloom enfolds my neighbor's dwelling,
A lovely child of seven lies dead;
But oh! through sorrow's sudden knelling
Her sweet voice falls: "Be comforted."

One sweet tone threads the solemn tolling:

"Beloved of all, and only seven;"

While, from above, still more consoling:

“Seven means safe with Christ in heaven.”

Enter, dear Christ, grief's darkened dwelling,

And comfort them who weep to-night;

And with thy presence, peace-compelling,

Fill all the house with heavenly light.

THE HUNDRED AND FORTY- THIRD.

(A TYPICAL REGIMENT.)

Written for and read at the Reunion of the One Hundred and
Forty-Third Regiment P. V., at Camp Luzerne, August 26, 1891.

ON our far-famed Valley what glory falls

Like the deeds of The Hundred and Forty-
Third?

The service to Freedom their story recalls,

On our beautiful Valley the crown they con-
ferred!

The men who remembered the Patriot's tomb

And the dust of the martyrs in Liberty's
urn!

What splendor uplighted the fair Valley's
gloom

Like that which was kindled in Camp Lu-
zerne?

A band of the boldest from hill-side and glen,
The ready-made heroes of forest and mine,
Our foremost and first, all brave-hearted men !
And Liberty smiled when they fell into line
And followed her lead, eleven hundred strong,
The Flag of the Free, and the Sword of
the Brave,
To the fife and the drum that enchanted the
throng,
When they marched to the front the Union
to save.

Devoted to duty in camp-life and drill,
Upbuilding a fort, or marching through mire,
Supporting an army at Chancellorsville
As if they had not been but once under
fire!
In the swamp and corn-stubble as ready to
serve
The colors they bore as in battle array ;

From none of war's hardships willing to swerve,
The Flag's firm defenders forever and aye!

With a leader who loved them far more than
his life,

With a love that outweighed all the laurels
of war,

And officered so for the terrible strife,

Not a corporal there that you could not adore,
Not a private of whom you would not be proud;

And the zeal on their features was some-
thing divine,

As they chafed to come under the black battle-
cloud,

That the sunshine of Freedom the sooner
might shine.

Oh! these were the heroes, and men of like
mould,

With the Keystone itself in Confederate reach,

The fearless invader in firm check to hold,
To lead the attack, or fill up the breach;
To fight three to one, and change front under fire,
And fight on, unsupported, while others re-
treat;

Fire volley on volley, when forced to retire,
While the rebel flood-tide rolled up at their feet!

Ay, these and their comrades, now Dana's
brigade,

Who had charged and destroyed three bri-
gades in the fray,

Deserve deathless fame for the firm stand they
made,

When they kept a whole army for five hours
at bay!

The key of the first day's defence in their
keeping,

"We have come here to stay," the cry first
and last;

And there to this day are some of them sleeping,
Where the bugle recalls their brave battle-blast.

Ah! well may we look for a valor like theirs
To find its full flower in that living romance,
When their brave color-sergeant a whole army dares,
With clinched fist defying its sweeping advance.
Their Nemesis incarnate was facing them then,
A finger prophetic, his finger of scorn!
For Crippen had caught, on his clear, dying ken,
The first flush of the triumph to come with the morn!

"Rally on your colors!" Conyngham cried,
"Rally, One Hundred and Forty-Third!"

“ Rally on your colors !” DeLacy replied,
And the action was suited then and there
to the word ;
And all the boys rallied, the colors were saved,
Crippen himself by his comrades outdone !
Ever thus have the soldiers of Freedom behaved ;
In this way the war for the Union was won.

When the dread morning broke on the third
day’s fight,
With artillery havoc unheard of before,
And Lee’s legions at last came surging in
sight,
They still did their duty in Doubleday’s corps !
The artillery’s target, supporting the left,
As if rebel revenge marked them out for its
prey,
Springing up in the path its avalanche cleft,
’Gainst Wilcox and Pickett helped carry the
day.

Superhuman your valor, ye brave volunteers,
In your State and your hearth-stones' immortal
defence;

So heightening the zeal of your gallant com-
peers,

All the homes of the free seemed in breath-
less suspense.

So the North's brave battalions fought on, to a
man,

As if each its own firesides were struggling
to save;

"For the land of the free," the fierce battle began,
But the fight's loud refrain was "The home
of the brave!"

With scarcely a thought of the glory they won,
The country in peril their uppermost care,
Still it lightened their hearts, the knapsack and
gun,

The burdens of march and manœuvre to bear.

Always true to their trust, wherever they stood,
The Capitol guarding, or goading the foe;
Whether merry or sad was the veterans' mood,
The stern voice of Duty they ne'er failed
to know.

Right well had they earned the camp's welcome rest,
Recruiting their ranks and their own crippled powers;
But the day had not dawned of their uttermost test,
Though its shadow lay dark on the long winter hours!
And its shadow is flung on the glories of May,
And the Rapidan runs like a river of tears;
'Tis night in the Wilderness while yet it is day,
For Doomsday has burst on our brave volunteers!

Like wild beasts in the woods the batteries roar
Like Gehenna the smoke of the conflict ascends,
As it withers the flower of the First Army Corps,
On whose blindfolded bravery the battle depends.
Here were horrors to war hitherto unknown,
When Glory to Agony yielded the crown!
The battle-shout here was a shuddering groan,
And Triumph itself wore a grim, ghastly frown!

Like courage incarnate these foemen had met,
And the butchery lasted day after day;
Compassion was dead, not an eyelid was wet,
For the fury of hell had laid hold of the fray;
So fierce it relentlessly followed the dead,
To the brows of the dying the death-damp denied;

For the fires of the brush were the shrouds
that it spread,
The charred trees the sole mourners that
wailed at their side.

But the undaunted heroes of Dana's brigade,—
Who, wounded and captured, could lead them
no more,—
When Mercer was killed, fought on undis-
mayed,
With their dying behind them and duty be-
fore!
When wounded still fought, and laughed at
their wounds;
Fought on till they died—it was fitting they
should—
Against foemen whose courage acknowledged
no bounds,
In that caldron of battle and brave men's
blood!

In the boldest relief 'gainst that background of
gloom

Was the improvised fight of the Second
Brigade,

When Glory her lost smile was seen to re-
sume

At the wild charge its men under Conyng-
ham made!

Detached from your friends, in what savored of
rout,

You must needs keep on fighting, and rallied
again

On finding the colors that Osborne hung
out

At the famous Cross Roads for his own fear-
less men!

Retaking the battery that Hancock had lost,

In the face of its guns and a hand-to-hand
fight—

Heaven knows why you came there, when sore
battle-tossed,

If 'twas not to help Hancock put Longstreet
to flight!

Hancock driven back with his troops in re-
treat,

Major Osborne rode up and gave the com-
mand,

And you soon laid the prize at the General's feet,
With your five or six hundred, a brave-
hearted band!

Your regiment's dread decimation attests

The proud part that you took in those terri-
ble days,

And with lustre more lasting your valor in-
vests

Than anything else that is said in its praise.
The morning reports that its companies kept
Had pathos to touch e'en a veteran's soul;

In the sound of the bugle a slight tremor
crept,

While a pitiful remnant answered the roll!

Eighty strong to the fight each company came,
But it tugs at the heart-strings the remnants
to see,

As one scans the reports—the rest average the
same—

Of the nine, twelve, and eighteen of A, K,
and G!

Dead and living their heroes too many to name,
Though the regiment adds to the army's re-
nown;

Commanders and men all deserving of fame,
Without naming the patriots, we point to their
crown.

But the Union's vast sacrificial fount,
With its rivers of blood, must still higher rise;

With many a grim mile-stone of battle to count
On the steep, gory path that ahead of you
lies.

Cold Harbor to come, with its hopeless as-
sault,

Its glory and slaughter, the grimmest of these
But a star still beckons from Victory's vault;
To the gates of Success Grant still holds the
keys.

In the siege and assault, when the river is crossed,
A share of its grandeur your regiment
claims;

The Confederate Malakoff hopelessly lost,
The jasper of glory thrown back on the
James!

From summit to summit of splendor you
march,

Every fight that you wage is fought in its
shine;

The rainbow of Hope spans the North's
clouded arch,
But the work done beneath it is still more
divine.

From your cold winter-quarters, still seen in
your dreams,
You catch its bright rays with the opening
of spring,
And they blend, as you fight, with your bayo-
net gleams,
As o'er Hatcher's Run their halo they fling.
"Charging the fortifications" your last
Fitting work, and how glorious the word—
Duty the first and last mile-stone you passed—
For men like The Hundred and Forty-Third!

On our far-famed Valley what glory falls
Like the deeds of The Hundred and Forty-
Third?

No sweet sounds more sad than its faint bugle-
calls,

None more brave when in war-time their
echoes were heard ;

None sadder. Your dear old Commander is
dead,

At rest with the heroes of whom he was
fond ;

But the glow of their smiles on your camp-fire
is shed,

And sweet is the bugle that calls from be-
yond !

August 22-25, 1891.

SHERIDAN.

As rain-laden roses droop low on the stem,
So droopeth to-day Columbia's fair Gem
'Neath a cloud-burst of grief! The Flag at
half-mast,
With heart-breaking news from Nonquitt at
last!
All suddenly shrouded in sorrow, the while
'Twas trembling with rapture 'neath Sheridan's
smile!

Like the wife of his bosom kneeling down when
he died,
And the comforting angels who knelt at her
side,
So the Flag of his Country bends low over him,
With a pride in its bosom that tears cannot
dim,

That swells its bright folds till they glisten and
gleam

Like the fond smile of love in a sorrowful
dream !

Like a dream seems his death,—and so cruel
the while

The sunshine of hope came with Sheridan's
smile.

O Banner beloved ! in the depths of thy blue
Glassing deeds that are golden forever anew ;
The god in his look, whose likeness they
caught

In the one supreme moment with destiny
fraught,

In the crisis of battle, the crash and the
strain,

Unmatched in thy memory shall ever remain !

Unveil as of yore, our grief to beguile,

The sunburst of triumph in Sheridan's smile.

Like Columbia, the beautiful Queen of the Free,
The Flag bows in sorrow on land and on
sea,

And sobs for a soldier as true and as brave
As a land ever loved or God ever gave ;
Its stars all in tears, and its stripes all aflame,
While it wreathes this memorial round Sheri-
dan's name :

"No gem decks the Crown of the Union re-
stored

Like the gleam of the glory of Sheridan's
sword."

Admired of the world, by the army adored,
Let the tears of his comrades bejewel his
sword ;

In the sheath of white roses that Peace has en-
twined

Be the blade that is blameless forever en-
shrined !

Touch gently, kind winds, the draped Banner
that weeps,—

In the love of its bosom the worn hero sleeps,—
Till it findeth, enfolding a heart without guile,
Death's shadows have vanished in Sheridan's
smile.

August 8, 1888.

THE LAST OF THE THREE.

LISTEN, Atlanta!

Be still, O sorrowing sea!
A bugle-note, sad yet consoling,
Kindling our pride and our grief controlling,
Is blown of the lips of Glory,
On the camping-ground of the Free,
For the last of our three great Captains,
The last of the Three!

Meed of his triumphs from Chattanooga
Down to Atlanta, his march divine,
Revealed in the genius akin to mercy
A bulwark stronger than battle-line!

In his last lonely march victorious,
Lo! on the shadowy shore,

Sherman, with Grant and Sheridan,
And the last of our three great Admirals,
Who sailed a day before!

From the farthest north to Atlanta,
From Atlanta to the sea,
The tolling bells, still a-tremble
For the last of the naval trio
That sailed on the silent sea,
Give voice to the people's affection
For the soldier who loses no lustre,
When we think, with a thrill, of the Three!

In the sweet peace they conquered together,
In Liberty's own golden weather,
Let all the bells tearfully tremble
The loving farewells of the Free,
For the last of our great Commanders,
The last of Three!

February 19, 1891.

WHEN DEATH HAD LOST THE
DAY.

WHILE yet she trod the rosy ways
Of childhood, pure and sweet,
She met the Master's tender gaze,
And worshipped at His feet;
And thus from infant innocence
To conscious faith she passed,
And steadfast proved till she went hence
To be with Him at last;
Her path to Joy's celestial sphere
Victorious all the way,
There was no time in her career
When Death could win the day.

Had Death surprised her in her glee
O'er childhood's gathered flowers,

'Twere fraught with less felicity
 Than were her dying hours,
When, garlanded by angels fair
 With heaven's immortal bloom,
She smiled amidst our mute despair,
 "Triumphant o'er the tomb,"
And sang her Saviour led the way
 To heaven's perennial bowers—
'Twas meet, since Death had lost the day,
 To deck the dead with flowers!

From the sweet age of twelve, and up
 Through woman's fewer years,—
O sorrowing hearts! the bitter cup
 Is brimmed with happy tears,—
There was such sunshine in her eyes,
 Such sweetness in her smile,
Her spirit back from Paradise
 The earth could not beguile.

The perfect life she has attained,
'Mid fields that bloom alway,
And knows more fully what she gained
When Death had lost the day!

May, 1889.

THE ROSES OF RAPTURE AND REST.

WHITE rose, arrayed for joy or sorrow,
Friend of the living and dead,
While from terrestrial founts you borrow
The fragrance you calmly shed,—
Love's tale of bliss and grief's sad story
Telling in the very same breath,—
To invisible skies you owe the glory
That links you to life and death!

Red rose, full many a storm outlasting,
A zephyr shall lay you low;
Then all in vain about you casting
For the friends you used to know!
The flattering touch of soft white fingers
And Beauty's enchanting smile—

The twilight of love that around you lingers—
You shall lose in a little while.

For the happier lot of the white rose sighing,
To press dead Beauty's cheek,
To follow the dead and comfort the dying—
'Tis rest for yourself you seek,
Red rose, consumed by a passionate longing
For the bliss that is only a dream;
With the dreams you awaken, too often wronging
The dwellers by Life's fair stream.

The lore of death from the white rose learning,
Life's mystery yours, red rose;
The fires of love in your bosom burning,
Breath of rapture, but not repose.
The white rose is Beauty's diviner reflection,
Where every hue plays its part;
And purity is but the sweet perfection
Of harmony in the heart.

Red rose, you have shared in the triumphs of

Beauty,

But the white is her dying choice;

The flower that hallowed the paths of duty,

And shared in her sinless joys!

Red roses for him who died for glory,

Or, better, who battled for Right!

But when we have heard their heroic story,

The roses that rest him are white.

THE BEAUTIFUL DEAD.

Lines on the death of the deeply-lamented Harrison Wright, Ph. D.,
a Wyoming Valley historian and poet of great promise.

THE souls that were brave, and whose footsteps
were dutiful,
And love was the light they shed,
Whose deeds made their lives, when living, beautiful,
Surely these are the Beautiful Dead.

And lo! 'mong the noble of memory's numbering,
Some lives so surpassing fair,
Like the roses that bloom while the dead are
slumbering,
Their beauty forbids despair.

Of such was the friend of the choosing and
cherishing,

Alike of the young and the old,—
Friendship, sweet in the leaf, as after the perish-
ing,

And at heart as fragrant to hold.

Oh! flower of filial love's fondest engendering,
Fearless glance of immortal, kind eyes!
Oh! smile of the brave, all self-love surrendering!
Kind voice! the heart's pleasant surprise.

Kind eyes! and yet keen, that turned so for-
bearingly

From the bad to the good in a friend;
Rare, gifted intelligence! smiting not sparingly
The wares the false teacher would vend.

He loitered not where the lotus was flowering,
And fled from the blight of its bloom;

But he loved the bright dreams of Nature's own
dowering,

A stranger to grief and to gloom.

For him all beauty was ever in blossoming,

His mind was a garden in bloom!

And Science, to him her secrets unbosoming,

Were legend most meet for his tomb.

His tireless quest, the honey of history,

For winters ahead had hived;

And of fading traditions—despite Death's mys-
tery,

Say not he was short-lived.

A light indistinct Death's deeps are borrowing,—

'Tis the Dawn, with its deathless rays;

Yet we weep, and for soul so lovable sorrowing,

Every tear is a pearl of praise.

The heart that was brave, and whose friendship
was beautiful,

The spirit such lustre that shed,
Now reaps the reward of the wise and the
dutiful

In the home of the Beautiful Dead.

MY PRETTY BOY.

My pretty boy!—'tis love, not praise, that speaks;
Fond words grow flower-gay in the light of
joy,—

By more than sparkling eyes and shapely
cheeks,

My pretty boy!

Puck's hands, with sleepy hollows for each toy,
Small mouth melodious when the kiss it seeks,
The smile distorting grief cannot destroy;

A straggling tear compassion quickly piques,
Pouting with sweet cries clogged that never
cloy,

Your thoughts are butterflies, your footprints
freaks,

My pretty boy!

HIS FIRST FIRE-CRACKER.

'Twas his first fire-cracker that pointed the way
To patriotism, and taught him to take
A personal part in the glorious day,
When we want all the music that powder
can make.

In its faint hissing sound he fancied he heard
The stir of the storm on the tyrant that
fell;
On its fire-kindling tongue the first whispered
word
That found louder utterance in Liberty's
Bell.

No bird-note so thrilling, no rose-bud so fair,
As that red-coated minstrel of freedom and
right

That sang in his hand and hurrahed in the
air,

That fell like a soldier and died of delight.

The first streak of Liberty's dawn he descried
In its slow-kindling spark and its sunburst
at last;

The rout of the red-coats and all it implied,
The carnage and smoke where its fragments
were cast.

The crackers he fired are the spokes of the
wheels

That bring Freedom's chariot partly to view;
And their sparks are the stars that the rocket
reveals,

With a rush, when it flings out the red,
white, and blue.

Now his patriotism needs pack upon pack,
With their musketry music and drum-rolls
of joy ;
Every Fourth a step forward on glory's steep
track,
If he shows half the spunk that he had
when a boy.

December 21, 1889.

WHAT AILS THE GAEL?

WHAT ails the Gael, and all his kin,
The wide world o'er?
Though bright his smile has always been,
'Tis brighter than before.
Quoth he, and all his Celtic kin,
" 'Tis brighter than before."

What has his laughter glorified?
What is't he sees?
The ripple of the turning tide,
The music of the breeze!
Quoth he, and every Celt beside,
"The ripple and the breeze."

How calm he looks! What is't he hears?
The angry seas?

Nay, while the sky above him clears,
The ripple and the breeze!
Quoth they, while Freedom's visage clears,
"The ripple and the breeze."

Behold! on every shore he stands,
With victory's mien;
He and his cousins clasping hands,
With smile serene.
Quoth they, "And Freedom understands
That smile serene."

Though 'gainst the century's setting sun
Dark racks arise,
Lo! how the smiling ripples run
From countless Celtic eyes!
"Nay, nay, 'tis Freedom's rising sun,"
The ready Celt replies.

What ails the Gael, and all his kin,

The wide world o'er ?

Though bright his smile has always been,

'Tis brighter than before.

Quoth he, and all his Celtic kin,

"'Tis brighter than before."

LAUGHTER AND TEARS.

ONE smile begets another,
The long face hides a laugh;
If half our smiles are happy,
Why not the other half?

How oft our tears are tempted,
In rolling down, to laugh!
If half our tears are happy,
Why not the other half?

Speak, glad, salt tears hilarious,
That drench the hearty laugh!
If half the heart be happy,
Why not the other half?

When smiles and tears are wedded
Is born the brightest laugh;

And then the tear is truer
And tenderer, too, by half.

So let them be united,
Lone tear and widowed laugh;
And who shall say that laughter
Is not the better half?

1886.

"REDDY," THE RIVER HERO.

(Charles Shannon, for whose life-saving services on the Delaware River the Philadelphia *Press* raised a fund by public subscription.)

WHEN "Where's my hat?" in "Reddy's" ear

Some rescued rascal shouted,

"The pitying angel" of the pier

His duty never doubted.

'Tis clear, who clamors for his hat

To life is closer clinging,

And "Reddy's" merry smile thereat

Has set life's river singing:

"O river death, down Delaware,

Though darkly deep embedded,

Thy crying waifs, in 'Reddy's' care,

Come back to me bareheaded!"

When "Where's my cap?" with saucy mien,

Demands a well-doused urchin,

On "Reddy's" face a smile is seen,
Some inward comfort searchin'.
Though laughing-glad he picked him up,
The while death's teeth did water,
For those who spurn life's sparkling cup
He makes it hot and hotter;
Yet one mute grief his big heart rocks,—
His boy! that drowned, without him,
The little darling of the docks,
With such bright ways about him!

Through many a year he guarded well
Those downward-wending by-ways,
And helped them find, who hapless fell,
Life's fairer-looming highways.
Hope's grimy angel! white within
As a happy seraph's pinions,
That moves athwart the paths of sin,
And leads to life's dominions!

Whose honored head of golden hair,
Amid the darkness glowing,
A tender star, down Delaware,
Dips where 'tis deathward flowing!

Since all beheld his modest blush,
He's more than ever "Reddy,"
And though he feel a little flush,
He'll ne'er turn out unsteady.
Because he has an angel's heart,
Let wealth's love-lifted pinions
Now give his faithful feet a start
Towards pleasure's bright dominions!
And yet, just as of old, he'll jump
Into the jaws of danger,
While in his throat's a choking lump
For many a little stranger.

Place, too, the medal on his breast,
Where sorrow finds a brother;

The badge of golden deeds confest
Shall far outshine the other !
Some, wrought when boyhood's playful pranks
Announced him on the river ;
But not one word of simple thanks
Did they—the saved—deliver !
And still he's young,—for him in store
What glory unrecorded,
Who thought, if he might rescue more,
He were full well rewarded !

August 22, 1884.

THE PENNY.

WHEN Mammon, in a merry mood,
First pleads to doubting babyhood
 The beauty of the penny,
Love plays a laughing interlude
 With captive kisses many.
And when it falls from baby's hands,
Time turns his glass of glittering sands
 For baby's sake, if any,
 While penny follows after penny!

Is it the coin's too sordid touch
Relaxes baby's gleeful clutch
 Or jolly-jointed jumble?
The thought amuses Mammon much,
 When it should make him humble;
Love thinks she hears her darling say
(And if he follow in that way

His feet will never stumble),
"Kiss me, and let the penny tumble."

When Mammon grave, in mercy's guise,
Stoops down where some starved infant lies
To dole the dusky penny,
Time hides the tear-drops in his eyes,
And Mammon hasn't any;
Fond Love is dead; no merry kiss,
Nor playful penny gone amiss,
And never one too many—
There's somehow pathos in a penny.

To such as these Time's busy hands
Show not his smiling, singing sands,
Save only to embolden.
With them for bread the penny stands,
And not for pastime golden.

Oft trembling on starvation's brink,
Time's golden grains sing sad, they think,
 Their hearts too early olden,
And griefless death grows strangely
 golden !

1883.

SALT-WATER SONG.

THE sea is a city of shifting streets
And constantly crumbling walls,
And the dwellers therein are lithe athletes
That laugh when a structure falls,
With "a windy day," when its tottering towers
Come tumbling about their ears—
When their houses are shattered they say, "It
showers,"
And, levelled at length, "It clears."

They halloo loud to Luna, 'tis all in her eye
That she squanders her silver and gold
To build on their lots, while she lives in the
sky,
But when would a woman be told?
They mock at the lady, and feigning to pout
At the rocking roofs she rears,

“Now hadn’t she better put us all out,
Or gather the rents in arrears.”

Then, shaking with laughter, exhort her to try
Not to get full any more.
When the rollicking winds come sweeping by
And swallow the roofs with a roar,
They ask how her man is, and why she looks
wan,
Is she coming to make repairs,
And why don’t the lady, if she has a man,
Let him manage her vast affairs.

Then the storm’s golden trumpets strike up a
tune
And the nimble athletes a dance;
And they ask him to join them,—the “Man”
of the Moon,—
Who is ready to jump at the chance!

'Mid melody soft as the voice of a dove,
And music would shatter our ears,
They waltz on the waves, and, falling in love,
Dip down in it deep with their dears.

The sea is a country vast and wild,
With mountains that melt in mist,
And valleys where never a flower has smiled,
Except in a mermaid's fist;
But the dwellers therein are always cool,
In country and city the same;
And if fretful man is a sweltering fool,
He has none but himself to blame.

THE JUDGE AND THE REF- EREE.

(A COMEDY OF CARELESS PUNCTUATION.)

THEY made me a referee

In a land case uncommon long-winded,—
An ill wind that blew a good fee,
Because for a *fee* they contended.

And I said to myself my report

Is lucid, at least to my own mind,
And when it goes up to the Court
On the usual exceptions, though stone-blind,

Dame Justice will see what I mean—

But wit, too, is blinding by flashes,
And a stroke of it might intervene,
Should she lay the law down on my dashes,

And behold! from my findings of fact

The Judge found—when he looked at my
dashes—

The plaintiff possessed of the tract,

And then follows his wit, with its flashes.

“Possessed of the piece in dispute

(What more could a plaintiff desire?)

At the time that he started the suit,

And upwards of forty years prior!”

Did it take me ten days to find out,

With a cursory sort of digression,

What the whole impish case was about,

And who was in *peaceful* possession?

There were acres one hundred and three,—

Perchance more altogether were aching

To get a small slice of that fee,—

And the title to three it was *taking*.

The plaintiff one hundred *possessed*!

But his *deeds* called for three in addition!—

He ought to be sorely distressed,

But, dear Judge, I don't mean in *perdition*.

I said what I meant, and I meant

What I said, and I say that I said it!

It is not what I *wrote* I repent,

But the cursory way that you *read* it.

The defendant's attorney, he took

Two days my dull mind to enlighten—

Oh! the fists, in my face, that he shook

To inform me, you see, not to frighten.

Now he claims my report is sent back

That the case may again be *gone over*!

How the sides of old Laughter will crack

When that bull gets again in the clover!

But I think I can stand the attack—

At ten dollars a day till it's ended;

To go up again and come back

On a teeter like that is just splendid!

How fine to ascend and descend

On that seesaw aforesaid astraddle!

With law points, to boot, at each end,

And myself, as it were, in the saddle.

THE DEMAND FOR MR. DEPEW.

(Expected guest of the Wilkesbarre *Eisteddfod*.)

SONS of Saint Patrick, hinder not his flight,
Though laughter languish at your banquet-board;
His heart with every race in kind accord,
His life a candle set on Freedom's height,—
Love's hands must needs have lit so kind a light,
For the oppressed its brightest rays out-
poured,—

The Welsh, your Celtic cousins, have implored
Your frequent guest for just one glorious night.

Let no man hinder him, nor time nor tide—
He comes to hear a thousand nightingales,
Singing as sweet as in their native Wales,
Till, tasting heaven, his heart be satisfied;
But what a hush among those matchless birds
At Chauncey's silvery voice and golden words!

March 9, 1892.

“LETHE, AND OTHER POEMS,
1882.”

(Lines written on the fly-leaf of a copy presented to the
editor of the Boston *Pilot* in 1884.)

WITH a long face I clung to this lachrymose
maiden,

Till we met in a mirth-making mirror,—not
after;

Since she wouldn't be happy at all without
Aiden,

I have cast, in seclusion, my life-lot with
Laughter.

If the ghost of her here out of Lethe affright
you,

The end that she came to will doubtless de-
light you.

Some said here is trash, some called her a
treasure,

But a faintness afflicted the praises that fol-
lowed;

She died, but had left me, I noted with pleas-
ure,

"The dust" on the shelf for the taffy I
swallowed.

I've a likeness or two left out of ten hun-
dred,

But why I had any all the wags wondered.

One review that I read was a dismal death-
notice,

To an epitaph turning my dull dedica-
tion;

The beam in his eye that knows well where a
mote is

The critic consumed in her instant crema-
tion,

And would sink in the Lethe he mortally
dreaded

Me, the maiden, and all, for he snatched me
bald-headed.

But why send her picture to John Boyle
O'Reilly,

Who knows not, perhaps, that she ever
existed?

"Why not?" says my second love, whispering slyly,

"The smiles of O'Reilly cannot be resisted,
For they straighten wry faces and broad ones
make brighter"—

Here she goes, though his smiles should like
scimitars smite her.

For the first time we met when he came here
canoeing,

One moment with many admiring friends
sharing,

When I felt in his glance were a dullard's un-
doing,

With a kind word "forninst" it the damage
repairing;

So I mail my "remains" the crazed critic cre-
mated,

To let a true poet know how she was
"trated."

1884.

SOME OF WYOMING'S SINGERS.

TO DR J. T. DOYLE.

WIT's millionaire and princely son of Song,
Whose palace stands remote from public gaze,
All lighted up with culture's brilliant blaze,
In pleasure-grounds where Beauty's children
throng,
And troops of fairies dance, nor deem it wrong;
Where Fancy's silvery fountain freely plays,
While splendid dreams adorn its flowering
ways,
And Mirth keeps young, and Laughter hale and
strong.

The wit whose lightning, flashed from theme to
theme,
Lays the bald mount of borrowed troubles
bare;

While humor lights life's deeps with steadier
gleam!

But when, like moonlight flood and starlight
fair,

Their witching rays through Wisdom's case-
ment stream,

The Muses, spellbound, bid farewell to Care!

TO THERON G. OSBORNE.

The singer's heart! the poet's speech!
No luscious thought beyond their reach,
When Music spreads her wings;
And though the fruit too often be
But cherries ripe on Fancy's tree
(The bird we hear we seldom see),
'Tis Philomel that sings!

But when this mood your heart enthralls,
It seems as though the music falls
For Beauty's sake alone;

Your cherry-bird—the charming things!
With topknot cute and colored wings—
Drinks cherry wine and gayly sings,
When Philomel has flown!

TO JOHN S. MCGROARTY.

You sang at last so sweet a lay
The Muse appeared before us,
And fairer than for many a day
The heavenly hills hung o'er us!
With you, so gentle in her mien,
So frank and unassuming,
Her pleasant smile and songful sheen
Your every line illuming;
Her shell harmonious, in your hand,
Has such bright heart-tints in it
That it reveals Truth's golden strand
In one immortal minute!

TO E. A. NIVEN.

(Journalist.)

His prose is a swift and beautiful stream,

The Song of the Brook recalls,

That dances along while others dream,

And his songs are its water-falls!

With rapids here, and rapids there,

For his muse's light canoe,

Who rides clear over the rocks of care

When her shell goes shooting through!

Its shadow adrift in the shining tide,

Till a cataract tumbles down,

When his muse, refreshed with her reckless
ride,

Strolls off to the nearest town,

With a twinkling smile, and a trace of tears,

And the flowers she culled by the way;

But before she departs a poem appears

That has something new to say.

July 1892.

7

14*

THE ROBIN'S LAUGH.

WHEN I listened to your laughing,
Robin, 'mid the barren boughs,
Then I heard remembered voices
Ring through Love's deserted house,—
Voices sweet and void of sorrow,
E'en as musical as yours:
Stay, blithe robin, lest I wrong you,
Sounds like these the sad heart cures,
Sweet as childhood's cheeriest laughter,
That no end to living sees!
Ah! you sing now, yet the song goes
Laughing through the leafless trees.

If friends smile and call it dreaming,
That you laugh before you sing,—

Yes, and laugh half through the singing
And its after-echoing,—
Let them seek you out and listen,
When they doubt the spring appears,
And they'll say no sweeter laughter
Ever fell through happy tears!
Yet of sadness, when you've ended,
E'en the happiest inly seize;
Robin, is not this the reason
That you laugh through leafless trees?

Oh! Love's dwelling in the dingles
Where the living laugh and sing,
And the light about their faces
Glad with glimpses of the spring!
Where Love's voice is like the robin's,
Rounded full and ripe with joy,
Rich in spring-like revelations
For the youngest girl or boy!

Ah, Love! shall you hear in sadness
Autumn's merry-making breeze?
Then be this the only reason,
That she laughs through leafless trees.

April 19, 1884.

A FINE DAY.

THE day was so fine it impelled me to say it,
Thus adding new zest to the joy it conferred,—

The new-born delight! 'twas a pleasure to weigh it

On the scale of my voice with the weight of a word,

Then on that of the friends whom I met on my way,

With no scales on their eyes to discolor the day—

Fine day!—————Fine day!

It is true, in the foulest of weather I've said it—

Who hasn't? ha! ha! and felt foolish enough.

So different the day! in my long face you read it,
Yet your answer was fine when it should
have been rough.

"Fine day!" and I laughed as I went on my
way,
And you smiled as you thought, what a funny
fine day!

So vivacious I've been when the weather was
vicious,

My horizon so clear, though beclouded the
sky,

That I shouted "Fine day!" and the fun was
delicious

When your ear-drum had hoodwinked the
lens of the eye;

While you followed the hat the winds carried
away,

From the stand-point I took 'twas a very fine
day!

Too oft merely formal the day's salutations,
Lacking feeling and warmth, though the
weather is fair;

Weather-beaten must needs be our wise obser-
vations,

Yet one hearty "Good-morning!" may ward
off despair.

Pleasant looks lend a charm to the least words
we say;

It takes more than the weather to make a fine
day.

So fine was that day when your fair one re-
sponded,

Which the fairer you knew not, the day or
the maid!

With the drift of your speech the mild May-
winds absconded,

But the flower that she tossed you never shall
fade.

Your "Fine day!" the May-winds caught up in
their play;
'Twas the smile on her lips that perfected the
day!

Fine day, ever fair in fond memory's keeping,—
The day-old delight that you weighed with a
word!

And now it is May with her merry eyes heap-
ing

Bright smiles on your head for the praise you
conferred.

Then still keep repeating "Fine day!" and "Fine
day!"—

The young, joyous June is the next one to
weigh!

Good-day!—————Good-day!

THE HOLY CHILD.

FROM lost Eden down the Seasons Four
Had dreamed of the Holy Child ;
Spring caught His smile in the dream's sweet
core,
And in her heart hid it for evermore ;
And her face thenceforth a sweeter look wore,
And her spirit grew gentle and mild.
Every tree she touched broke out in blossoms
That bloomed with a tenderer grace ;
And a myriad bowers bared their white bosoms
To make Him a resting-place !

From the Promise down the Seasons Four
Had dreamed of the Birth Divine ;
And Summer found, in the dream's deep core,
The Heart of her heart for evermore ;

And redder thenceforth the roses she wore,
And richer the fruit of the vine!
Then, flushed with the dream, round her purple throne
Her gifts of gold up-piled!
The royal honor seemed hers alone,
To herald the Holy Child!

Through long ages dim the Seasons Four
Had dreamed of His natal hour;
And Autumn saw, in her sad dream's core,
The glorified look the young Child wore,
Though a dying heart in His bosom He bore,
And in her heart hid it for evermore
In fading leaf and flower.
On flower and leaf a crimson glow
Life out of death foretold!
And she said, "If He come ere winter winds
blow,
I will weave Him a crown of gold."

Down to His coming the Seasons Four
 Had dwelt on the Birth Divine ;
Winter heard His voice when the dream was o'er,
And echoed its music for evermore.
And whiter thenceforth seemed the raiment she
 wore,
And she cried, " The honor is mine :
I see His bright star through the frosty air
 gleam,
 Bending o'er Him, feel His warm breath ;
And deep in my bosom I treasure the dream,
 Who had been the herald of Death."

Oh, heart of Winter with rapture thrilled,
 Thy dream, the first, came true !
With whitened locks the Seers of old
The Blessed Babe in their arms had held ;
But the human heart 'gainst the dream rebelled
 And the Lord of Glory slew !

Wise men of the East ! how your golden gifts
glow

In the light of Bethlehem's star !

As we carry bright gifts to our babes, through
the snow,

Is its radiance near or far ?

December 22, 1881.

MEMORIAL ODE.

(Read before the G. A. R. Post of Wilkesbarre, May 30, 1882.)

THE soldier's path, 'mid Hope's flushed flowers
beginning,

Ends here among the roses Love has strewn;
But then what lay between was worth the win-
ning,

Though like Gehenna groaned the gory way
That led him to these tinted tents of May,
And hence and upward to the fragrant camps
of June—

And higher still t'wards Nature's highest
heaven,

Where light and sound the perfect day do
make.

Oh, happy slumberer! to thee 'tis given
To lie on Summer's heart and take thy rest,
Whether, like thee, in snow-white garment
dressed

For sleep, or watching 'mid the flowers till
thou awake!

How like the mother, in her youthful beauty,
She folds thee to her warm, sweet-smelling
breast!

No longer thine to do a soldier's duty,
Helpless and happy here as any child,
To dreamland fair by countless blooms be-
guiled,
And all earth's sweets are thine without the
weary quest!

But now do we, who have not yet divided
The deep, dark waves that gave thee back
thy youth,

Look o'er the waters where thy spirit glided
So like a dream unto this flowering shore
Where merry voices ring for evermore,
Like children's voices, like thine own in sooth !

And some, thy friends who strayed with thee
in childhood

So oft these very burial-grounds among,
The golden meadows and the echoing wildwood,
With step like that of youth fresh garlands
bring,

Bright as thine own hands wove in pleasant
Spring,

Till these old hearts of ours grow soft again
and young.

Now far from us as thee, the noise of battle !

Like babes upon a holiday at last
War's visage dim we scan, the cannon's rattle

Like them in wonder hear,—so old is peace!
This is not dotage,—'tis the heart's release
From the long bondage of the grim and
gloomy Past!

Gray veterans here there be, who carry flowers,—
Would weep with strange delight if they
might see
In vast array the hosts that once were ours!
Hailing once more in many a doubtful fight
The boys that saved the day, then sank from
sight,—
Would toss their hands and shout for joy
hilariously.

Oh, Peace! what blessed boon is this you
brought them
That took the cruel sting of war away?
What charms Lethean, these you kindly
wrought them

So well to heal the wounds that war had
made ?

Oh, Peace ! these hearts, once Sorrow's, dost
pervade,

What golden vistas down the Nation's larger
day !

As May's white blossoms hide the hurts stern
Winter

Inflicted on the tempest-conquering trees,
That, like a cavalcade of heroes, enter
The rich realms where May was crownèd
Queen ;

As earth's deep wounds are covered o'er with
green,

Your deathless deeds, O dead ! and fadeless
victories,

A brightening wilderness of blooms and glories,
Loom up between us and the wrecks of war
m

And though we cherish still its touching stories,
Now, almost like romance, your sufferings
seem

The blessed memories of a painful dream,
Whose pain has given us Peace, as night the
Morning Star!

Whose pangs have brought us joy, as night
the golden morning;

For not less brightly hath Aurora smiled,
That, as the legend saith, for her adorning
She stole full many a rosy child away;
Nor Peace less bright, we cannot find to-
day
The flower of Chivalry unto her dawn beguiled!

Time hides the crimson of the cannonading,
The imperial purple death did then display!
And war's red memories, faded now or fading,

Have yielded to the golden crown of Peace.
Let not her hopes, the while her powers
 increase,
Like golden apples turn to ashes cold and
 gray!

But living soldiers, not the less we love you ;
 Death yet denies you glory's tear-dewed
 wreath ;
Nor less ye love the Flag that soared above
 you,
It firm refused to be your battle-shroud !—
Of this, surviving heroes, we are proud,
 That Freedom's flowers blow fairer for your
 loving breath!

Your voices, mingled with the battle's thunder
 And feeble farewells of the dying brave,
Your hearts, that heard their heart-strings
 break asunder,

Your hands, that clasped the hands that saved
the day,

Your hands, that brought back laurels from
the fray,

Are needed the rich fruits of conflict yet to
save !

Then let the buried dead again be buried

Full deep beneath the flowers of Love and
Peace !

Not as in war, when funeral rites were hurried,
But thoughtfully, and lovingly, and slow ;

Ye have more time than in the long ago

To scatter flowers, less cause the tear-drop to
release !

Spare not the sweetest rose, the tenderest
blossom

Fond Nature into being ever fanned !

For martial garb she round each hero's bosom

Her "coat of many colors" loves to fold,
Helmeted with the daisy's sacred gold,
To dull the darts that fly from Time's relentless hand!

Sleep well beneath Columbia's starry skies!
Your fame with hers coequal shall increase,
Ye soldier dead! Oh, may your sacrifice
To deeds as grand our souls bestir, in perilous peace!

THE VANISHED MAIDEN.

THE gold in the sky was burning,
As I walked one eve by the sea,
And the lustre it shed was turning
All things into gold but me ;
For wrapped in a mantle of sorrow,
I was proof 'gainst the beautiful change,
And my soul was unable to borrow
That glory so silent and strange.

But soon, with a music enchanted,
That rose from the shells on the shore,
With a phantom of joy I was haunted,
And I heard her soft whisper once more,—
The voice of my own vanished maiden,
Buried deep in the caves of the sea,
And my soul then sighed for her Aiden,
And fluttered—with her to be free !

The music increased, and the billows
Fell back into deep repose,
With white tranquil foam for their pillows,
When a form from the waters arose ;
'Twas the form of my long-lost maiden,
Buried deep in the caves of the sea,
Whose soul had returned from her Aiden
To talk for one moment with me.

“Let grief from your bosom be banished,
Be happy on earth for awhile,
For soon the maid that has vanished
Will welcome you there with a smile,
Where the gold in the sky is burning,
And whence we shall look on the waves,
While the lustre that's shed is turning
All things into gold but our graves.”

July 21, 1879.

GOD AND THE SEA.

"And his weary eyes welcome the sight of the sea."—*Blaine's
Despatch.*

FROM that death-haunted chamber they solemnly
bore him,

To die in their arms it might be!

But strong-wingèd angels flew seaward before
him,

To move the great heart of the deep to restore him,
Rouse, nourish, and rest him, breathe through
him and o'er him

The blood-thrilling balm of the sea,—

The life-giving breath and the strength of
the sea.

Stern Science grew motherly, thoughtful, and
tender

As his own loving mother might be!

And day and night pondered how best she
could render

Assistance, so naught merely human would
hinder

The brave heart in that body so pallid and
slender

From sounding its thanks to the sea,—

From trilling its drum-beats of joy by the
sea.

The face of young Autumn was flushed as with
fever,

And crimson as Summer's might be!

And her touch was so scorching they scarce
could believe her

Sweet Autumn to be; yet she was no de-
ceiver,—

Our burden of sorrow seemed greatly to grieve
her,

And she raved in that run to the sea ;
But at sunset she smiled,—the fair bride of
the sea !

That day through fair Autumn's delusion he
dallies

With dreams of a blessing to be !

Though nature is drooping, the President ral-
lies,

And they run a rapider rate through the val-
leys,

And the good engine glides down the hill-tops
and sallies

Forth of woodlands, fast nearing the sea,

Till "his weary eyes welcome the sight of
the sea."

Yet gently and tenderly thither they bore him ;

To die was not heaven's decree,

For the swift-wingèd angels flew seaward before
him,

And stirred the great heart of the deep to re-
store him,

Nurse, nourish, and rest him, breathe through
him and o'er him

The life-giving breath of the sea,

And he gains! by the grace of our God and
His sea!

September 9, 1881.

AT GARFIELD'S GRAVE.

BENEATH that grand triumphal arch the night,
O'erlaid with fading stars in lieu of flowers,
Fit tokens of this fleeting life of ours,
A warrior passed, so altered to the sight,
Men said had won a world in valiant fight ;
When a voice answered from the King's high
towers :
"Two worlds hath won, the wreck of Eden's
bowers
And the new Eden death can never smite."

Tall archways, eloquent with flowers, arise ;
Triumphal music beats its anguished breast,

Then breathes a requiem caught from sacred
choirs ;

Kind eyes look out, like stars, from sorrow's
skies,

And pour their love-light round his place
of rest.

Sweet starlight left of Eden's lingering fires !

September 28, 1881.

LOVE'S WOUNDS.

LIFE the first-born of Eden's bowers, Death
last,

And Love that came between,—mysterious
Three!

O Life and Death, at last on which of ye
Shall blame of Love's unkindest hurts be
cast?

All healèd then, and every sorrow passed,
Whose pitying hand, whose balsam-dropping
tree

Left for those wounds and all that misery
The sweetest cordial? Death's the icono-
clast?

O Life, I fear Love at the last will say
That thou, not Death, did most severely
smite!

And tell how, when he faint and bleeding lay
By Time's roadside, Death softened at the
sight,

And decently enwrapping him in white,
Took all the soreness from his wounds away.

February 22, 1882.

BURIED LOVE'S EPITAPH.

KIND words, warm as Love's heart, Love's
living breath,

In marble cold and white! A subtle flame
Within whose charmèd circle one dear name
Defieth the devouring jaws of Death!

Not heeding what the night wind muttereth,
Smiling through storm and sunshine just the
same,

In this lone shelter, more secure than fame,
Content with what surviving Love's heart
saith.

The marble's time-swept snow may drift away,
Or mingle with the dust that sleeps below;
But in its stead sweet flowers shall rise, and so
Suggest the fragrance of her name, decay

Can never touch, and when the last flower
dies,

Heaven will reveal Love's name, Love's voice,
Love's eyes!

February 2, 1882.

THE RICH AND THE SUFFER- ING.

HAS she, indeed, red rose so fresh and fair,
 Journeyed far up the valley of the night
Unto these purpling hills of morn? Is there
 No faintness in thy heart and on thy
 sight?

Is't fear, still lingering, makes thee tremble so;
 This flush a vaporish fever in thy blood?
Nay, nay, it was the breeze. Why, do you
 know

I feel as bright as any new-blown bud.

Yet couldst thou tell what thou hast seen and
 heard:

What grim and ghastly shapes beset thy
 way,

What moanings in the dark, no pity stirred,
What voices praying for the dawn of day !
I fear the joy thy greeting now bestows
Would turn to pain, though passing fair thou
be, rich rose !

June 13, 1881.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

WHAT birds, the bards of air, in singing say,
Whisper the roses, and his ruddy Muse,
When poets born behold the break of day,
Music, like manna, mingles with the dews.

Exhaling, as the measures grow in might,
This early fragrance from the fields of song ;
How have we quaffed its lyrical delight,
His fancy's goodly company among !

How reddened all the East of our desire
With song-beams from this singer's glowing
breast !

A grateful age will greet whose fadeless fire
In gleams of gold athwart its fadeless West.

The wilds of nature, when his music came,
 Hailed in its sheen their mysteries unveiled;
While woods and waters, and their hosts, by
 name,
And all the winds, its shaping spirit hailed.

It lures some peeping glory from a star,
 Shows deeper pathos in a pining flower,
And, like a leaven of all sweet sounds there are,
 Imbues with rapture many a lonely hour.

Poems pure as the dreams of Paradise
 Fair innocence finds lingering in her heart,
The sun's white hands that bathe her waking
 eyes,
The gifts they bring, the color they impart.

Whose death-defying harmony inspires
 A listener's throb of triumph in one's breast;
And imagery refulgent as the fires
 The poet-sun transfigures in the West.

As when of old had vanished all the dews,
The manna and its memory yet remained;
The first fresh flush of fancy loath to lose,
What treasures hath this faithful singer
gained!

What treasures on his fellows hath bestowed!
And not the lays alone for which we yearned,
But when the suns were set that on them
glowed,
The strength imparted and the lessons
learned.

Filled with a melody, the Golden Rule
Is waking in the world, beside his own;
He breathes more beauty on the beautiful,
Or leaves new loveliness where it had flown.

His tender songs stir pity's fount of tears,
Grief's bursting drops of balm break out
between,

As sunshine in an April shower appears,
To turn the wastes of winter into green.

A guide by journeyings heavenward glorified !
Pointing to cold and sullen steeps, that freeze
Ambition's breath, leads, down the mountain-
side,
Where summer strives for Summer's purple
ease.

Held by her sun-browned hand, and not a
dream,
A golden ladder leans against the sky,
And joins two worlds which very distant seem
Until the bright ascent our spirits try.

Poesy, radiant in the twilight dim
That on the longest life comes unawares,
At night will give good angels charge of him
Whose earthly harp so much resembles theirs.

But oh ! while yet the hues of eve remain,
 Silence may sepulchre some matchless ode ;
The fragment of a psalm, one sweet refrain,
 If heard, her heart with joy were overflowed.

Ultima Thule his moist eyes have descried,
 Its quiet voices echo to his quest—
Sad sounds, like farewells, in his last songs tide
 Soft to her saddened soul the poet's sigh for
 rest.

February 14, 1881.

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS.

Is that fire on the dark horizon reflected from
land or sea?

A will-o'-the-wisp of the waters or the glory
about to be?

A sudden enchantment falls on a sleepless and
watchful crew;

Yet twice had they shouted "Land!" with never
a shore in view.

Columbus kneels in his cabin, his soul in thanks
outpoured

For the vision that comes to the victor, and
a sign vouchsafed by the Lord.

Had he seen in the midnight glimmer of a
sleep-enveloped strand

The smile of his life's ideal, with a crucifix in
her hand?

Could it be that his soul's belovèd, the be-
trothed of a deathless dream,
Had caught from her outermost Eden his cara-
vels' distant gleam?
But as yet not one of the doubters of a day
or two before
Has demanded the velvet doublet, as the first
to descry the shore.

And whence that shadowy splendor, with a cry
of "Land!" on his lips,
Like the gleam of Isabel's jewels in the midst
of the booming ships?
Can it be the spirit of Isabel, the form of his
royal friend,
In the jewels of joy resplendent, in a dream of
his journey's end?

He knows that once in the voyage her shadow
shimmered between

The blades of a crew rebellious and the friend
of the Spanish queen.

The veil from the dark sea lifted, its ghostly
gulf explored !

The dragon of Superstition pierced by Dis-
covery's sword !

He has waged and won the battle that waited
a thousand years

For its Genoese commander and the gleam of
its Spanish spears.

He has seen all the shadows of fear from the
island of Ferro flee,

And the wounded roc fall limp in the sweep
of a wider sea ;

The dreams that are medieval, like the mists
of night, dissolve

In the swirl of the smiling waters when the
world begins to revolve !

He has waged and won the battle, in the face
of forlorn surprise,
In the menace of murderous madness that
glared from a hundred eyes,

In the face of swords that pointed to soundings
that tell no tales,—

With the faith that overcometh and the courage
that never fails!

With a faith whose glance auroral his men to
themselves revealed,

With the truth that the victory winneth when
Rescue has fled the field:

With a faith, in the climax of terror, that stood
for those trembling tars

In imminent stead for the comfort that fled
from the sun and the stars!

Every man of his crew forgiven for a menace
of more than death,

For they sailed, by the chart of Columbus and
the Trade-wind's bewildering breath,

At a speed whose persistence appalled them,
'neath a canopy far too fair,
Its sunrise the doom of the dreamer, its sun-
set the dream of despair!

Sailing on forever, they feared, with a menace
in every mile,

On a sea with a face as smooth as its dragon's
reflected smile;

Inspired by the man they hated, losing heart
but to hate him the more;

His will, like the winds that drove them,
whether shipwreck! or sea! or shore!

His will, like the winds that held them, head-
ing away to the West,

Uniform, constant, and changeless as the love
in a father's breast.

Had he heard in that midnight vision, in a
moment of joy profound,

The ghost of the Inquisition confess that the
earth is round?

Did he see on the brow of Arragon the shadow
of lasting regret,

To be found in a time of trouble the friend
who would fain forget?

The look of ineffable rapture on the features of
proud Castile,

To find the ocean furrowed by Christianity's
faithful keel?

Was John of Portugal present, with the mien
of a moody king,

To write on the chart of Columbus "Remorse"
with his royal ring?

Remorse for the terms rejected, the treasures
he lost for aye!

The ten years lost to Columbus, and a waiting
world's delay!

"Ha! ha!" cry the coming squadrons, hidalgos
in quest of gold,

On highways, for ages dreaded, where the
waves of the dark sea rolled!

To Genoa's foremost freeman, commissioned of
God and Spain,

Did the skies' starry Dream of Columbia shed
more splendor than man could explain?

In the vision vouchsafed the victor who nobly
fulfils his vow

Could he see the centuries wreathing the fade-
less leaf for his brow?

Had he touched on the time enchanted when
childhood lisped his name,

And Isabel's friend, Columbus, every school-
boy's hero became?

Had he noted the compass he conquered, the
needle he shaped to his mind,
In a tremor of precious rapture for the paths
that were yet to find?

It matters not who the finders; for the least
and the greatest of these,
From the world that is round, he has wrested
the secrets of all the seas!
But in lieu of his princely titles behold his
fame assured
In the unwritten terms of the treaty and the
treasures that Time secured!

What a lesson his pageant teaches, whose
triumph was far too brief!
What a picture of greatness shrouded in the
shadows of shame and grief!
But lo! when the fetters were stricken from
Isabel's faithful friend,

What a symbol for progress and freedom and
the triumph of truth in the end!

The ages to come will bless him, as ages gone
by have blessed,

For the wealth the world has discovered with
his Eastern wand in the West!

For the wand that borrowed its magic from his
dazzling dream of the East,

Till the dawn of knowledge deepened and the
wisdom of men increased!

Fair, phantom sail Santa Maria, forerunner of
Liberty's ships,

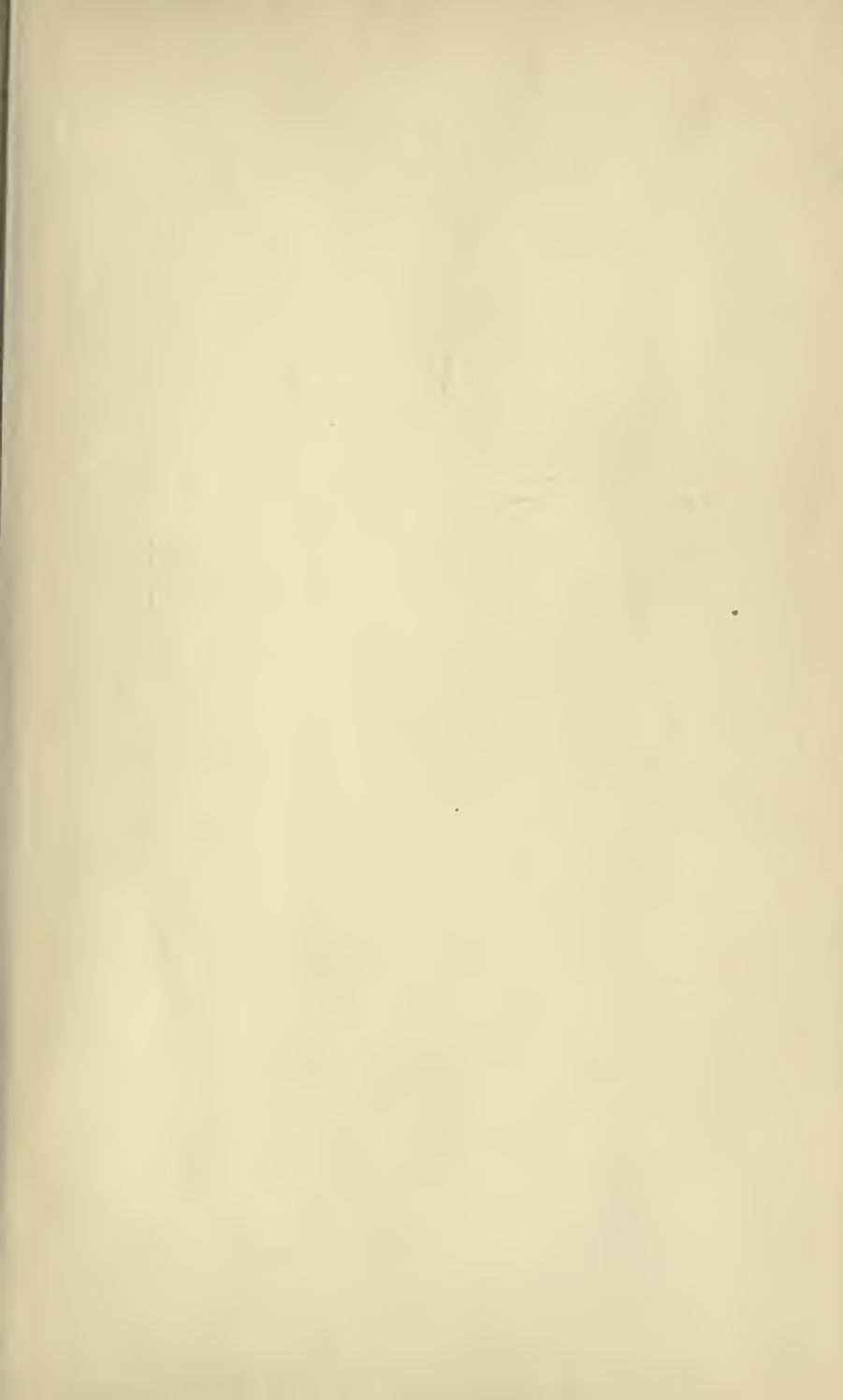
Usher in the Columbian Era, with thy cap-
tain's cry on its lips!

Let the realms that the Pinta announces re-
spond to Humanity's Dream,

Till the Niña, the need of the nations, has an-
chored in Liberty's Stream.

October 10 and 11, 1892.







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